Divine Breathings:

OR,

A Pious Soul

Thirsting after

CHRIST.

In a Hundred Pathetical

MEDITATIONS.

The Sixth Edition.

Psalm 73. 25.

Whom have I in Heavan but thee? And there is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee.

London, Printed for *Robert Pawlet*, at the Sign of the Bible in Chancery Lane, near Fleet Street. 1678.

23...1746

TO THE
Christian Reader.

WE know that Christ accep'ed the Widows Mite: This Orphan is to thee the Zelous Offering of its Parent, whose intention is to furnish thee with Holy Desires, which are a Christians Wings to fly to Heaven, and therefore challenges thy acceptance. We have in Holy Writ the Psalms of *David* left us for our example, wherein we read his Longing to be with God, desiring the wings of a Dove, that he might fly away and be at rest: and assimilating his thirsting after Christ to the Hart, *As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!*

Lo, here's one that hath learn'd by *Davids* Rules, and fain would have thee learn by his; and doubtless in imitation of that Heavenly Prophet, purposely penn'd these his pious Ejaculations, to leave them for Posterity, to be a furtherance in the Way to Bliss.

To the Christian Reader.

And though the Authors Name is not prefix'd, his Piety these Heavenly Breathings speak: which being found by a Person of no mean Degree among the Writings of an Eminent Divine, have been by him communicated onely to his deareſt Relations, as a Celeſtial Dove to carry the Olive-branch of Peace into their Souls. It being my happineſs to receive a Copy, my own affections for the good of others inſtantly inflamed my deſires to publiſh it, and being ſeconded not onely by the Approbations, but earneſt Sollicitations of my Friends, I have aſſented, and here preſent it to thee; hoping thy Devotions may hereby be raiſed, thy holy Deſires increaſed, and thy Soul have a reliſh on Earth, of the unſpeakable Joys in Heaven. Which that thou mayſt have the Fruition of, is the hearty Prayer of

Thy Cordial Friend,

Chriſtopher Perin.

The Contents of the ſeveral Meditations.

THE Offices of Meditation and Prayer 1
Of Contemplation 2
Of the Nature of the Soul 3
The Deſires of the Soul 4
A Chriſtians End 5
A Rich Worldling 6
A Chriſtians Choice 7
The difference between good and bad men, with reſpect to this Life 8
Of Spiritual Joy and Sorrow 9
Of the Souls Happineſs 10
Spiritual Deſires 11
Deceitfulneſs of Riches 12
The Miſery of a Wicked man 13
The Book of Conſcience 14
Dangerous Curioſity in prying into Gods Secrets 15
Death 16

Eſtate

Contents.

Eſtate of a man at death 17
Small ſpace between Life and Death 18
Preparation for death 19
Evil Age 20
Chriſtians Courage 21
The Souls Communion 22
The Worth of a Chriſtian 23
Proſperity of the Wicked 24
A Chriſtians Heaven and Hell 25
The uſe of Riches 26
The Worldlings God 27
The Souls Happineſs 28
The Vanity of the World 29
The Chriſtian Traveller 30
The Worlds hatred to living Saints 31
The beſt Treaſures 32
The Worlds Worthleſneſs 33
A Chriſtians Circumſpection 34
Live with reſpect to Eternity 35
The happy Lives of the Bleſſed 36
The Wordlings mean Choice 37
The rebellious Sinner 38

The benefit of Repentance 39
As we live, so we die 40
The miserable end of prosperous Wickedness 41
The Worldlings Folly 42
No Happiness without Holiness 43
The delay of Repentance dangerous 44
The Vanities of Humane Life 45
The Life of Faith 46
A Christians Treasure 47
The day of Grace 48
A sixfold Voice of Warning to Sinners 49
The devout Souls Choice or Portion 50
A threefold awakening Consideration 51
The Loveliness of Christ 52
The Pleasure of a Religious Life 53
No satisfaction in the Creature 54
The Knowledge of Christ 55
Divine Love 56
Godly Sorrow 57

Contents.

Christ to be preferred above all 58
The right performance of Duty 59
The Indwelling of Sin 60
Satans Temptations 61
A Christians Support under Affliction 62
The decrease of Grace 63
The danger of Hypocrisie 64
The danger of Security 65
The evil of Sin 66
The Heavenly Traveller 67
Content the best Riches 68
The different Estate of good and bad men 69
The Privileges of the Elect 70
All good derived from God 71
Blessings from God must be used for God 72
God to be loved for himself 73
Life but a lingering death 74
The Souls threefold estate 75
God to be seen in his Creatures 76
The Soul made for the enjoyment of God 77

The

The near Union between God and the Soul 78
The Christian a Spiritual Temple 79
The right performance of Duty 80
The evil of the heart, or an evil heart 81
The Christians daily Warfare. 82
Of godly and worldly Sorrow 83
Benefit of Adversity 84
Variety of a Christians Condition 85
Gods presence makes all Conditions comfortable 86
The miserable end of wicked men 87
Deceitful Riches leave us at our death, but our good works follow us 88
A Competency better than Abundance 89
Serve God in the use of means 90
The Excellency of a Christian 91
Divine Love 92
The Souls Rest 93

The Souls Progreſs 94
The Souls Reſemblance of Chriſt 95
The Life of Faith 96
The wiſe Choice 97
Grace onely ſhall enter Heaven 98
Death vanquiſh'd 99
The Happineſs of the other world 100

Divine

Divine Breathings:

OR,

A Pious Soul-Thirſting AFTER CHRIST:

In Heavenly Meditations.

Of Meditation and Prayer.

1. MEditation and Prayer are like the Spies that went to ſearch the Land of *Canaan*, the one views and the other cuts down, and both bring home a taſte of the faireſt and ſweeteſt

fruits of Heaven. Meditation like the eye views our Mercies, and Prayer like the Hand, reacheth in thoſe mercies; or, Meditation is like a Factor, which lyeth abroad to gather in what we want: And Prayer like a Ship goeth forth, and brings in what we deſire. It is my miſery, that I cannot be ſo perfect, as not want; but it is thy mercy, that I cannot be ſo miſerable, as not to be ſupplied. Meditation cannot find out a real want, but Prayer will fetch in an anſwerable comfort. Lord! If mercy be ſo free, I will never be poor, but I will meditate to know it; never know it, but I will pray to ſupply it; and yet not reſt, until thou ſhalt do more for me, than I am able to ask or think.

Con-

Contemplation.

2. SAint *Bernard* ſweetly compares Contemplation to the Eagle, for as the Eagle is ſtill faſtning her eye upon the radiant beams of the beautiful Sun: So Contemplation is ſtill viewing the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteouſneſs, it is ſtill converſant about the high and profitable things of Salvation: Or elſe I may compare it to thoſe Birds, of whom *David* ſpeaks, who build their neſts by the Altar of God. This is that Celeſtial Bird, that builds her neſt about the Throne of Glory. This is the Bee, which flyeth into the ſweeteſt Gardens, and ſucks Honey from every Flower of Paradiſe. By Meditation I can converſe with God, ſolace my ſelf in the boſom of my beloved, bathe

my ſelf in rivers of Pleaſure, tread the paths of my reſt, and view the manſions of my eternity. What makeſt thou then, O my Soul! in this valley of tears? Up upon the mount, and view the Land of Promiſe. What makeſt thou in this Wilderneſs of trouble? Up upon the wing, and take thy flight to Heaven: let thy thoughts be where thy happineſs is, and let thy heart be where thy thoughts are; though thy habitation may be on Earth, yet thy converſation ſhall be in Heaven.

The Nature of the Soul.

3. WHat art thou? O my Soul! a Spiritual Eſſence, an incorporeal ſubſtance, the very breath of God, and Epitomy of Heaven. What ſatisfies thee, O my immortal Soul! none but

but the immortal God, in whom all fulneſs dwells, he onely can fill the Soul, that fills Heaven and Earth; the inſufficient creature may fill theSoul with vexation,none but the All-ſufficient God can fill the Soul with contentation. O Lord, as no action of mine will ſatisfie thee without my ſelf; ſo no creature of thine will ſatisfie me without thy ſelf; therefore, O Lord, take thou my heart, and give me thy ſelf.

Deſires of the Soul.

4. WHat want'ſt thou? O my Soul! with what imaginable excellency wouldſt thou cloath thy ſelf? What deſirable object wouldſt thou pitch upon? Is it beauty? The Righteous ſhall ſhine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Wiſe as

the brightneſs of the Firmament for ever and ever. Is it riches? Wealth and riches are in the houſe of God, every one in his Family ſhall have a rich, a glorious, and incorruptible, and eternal inheritance amongſt the Saints. What is it then? Is it honour? What honour like to this, to be a friend and a favourite of God, and a ſpouſe of Chriſt; to have a Crown of Righteouſneſs, of Life, and of Glory? Yet more, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ſet upon thy head. Yet again, is it pleaſure? The Juſt ſhall enter into their Maſters Joy, and there are rivers of pleaſure at his right hand for evermore. In a word, what wouldſt thou have, Oh my Fleſh? A confluence of all the glorious things, both in Heaven and in Earth? Why, Godlineſs hath the promiſe of this life, and

of

of that which is to come. If Heaven, and the righteouſneſs thereof, be the thing that thou doeſt ſeek; both Heaven and Earth, with the excellencies thereof, is that which thou ſhall find. Lord, make me holy, and then I am ſure I ſhall be happy!

A Chriſtians End.

5. WIſe Agents do always propound their Ends before they ſet upon their work: And then direct their actions to that end they did propound. If the Mariner launch, it is that he may get to ſuch a Harbour: Therefore he ſails by Compaſs, that he may compaſs that he ſails for. A Chriſtian ſhould have always one eye upon his end, and the other eye upon his way. That man lives a brutiſh life, that knows not what he

he lives for, and he acts but a fools part, that aims at Heaven, and lives at random. A wise Christian his end of living is, that he may live without end; and therefore his way of living is, that he may live continually to spend his life in the ways of life; he is always walking in those paths where he sees Heaven before him. O my Soul! what is it that thou aim'st at? Is it a full enjoyment of thy God? Why then, whil'st thou art present in this body, be always drawing near to the Lord; so when thou shalt be absent from this body, then thou shalt be always present with the Lord.

A Rich Worldling.

6. HOw apt many are at the sight of a rich Worldling to envy him for what he hath: But for

for my part, I rather pity him for what he wants; he hath a Talent, but it wants improvement; he hath a Lamp, but it wants Oyl; he hath a Soul, but it wants grace; he hath the Star, but he wants the Sun; he hath the Creature, but he wants the Creator. In his life he doth but float upon a Torrent of vanity, which empties it self into an Ocean of vexation; and after death, then take this unprofitable Servant, bind him hand and foot, and cast him into utter darkness; go set his soul adrift for ever in an impetuous Lake of fire and brimstone. Where now is the object of your envy? It is not his silver that now will anchor him, nor his gold that shall land him, nor his friends that can comfort him, therefore if he be worth the envying, who is worth the pitying? If this be felicity, then give me misery. Lord! rather make

me poor with a good heart, than rich with a bad conſcience.

Chriſtians Choice.

7. I Am frail, and the World is fading; but my Soul is immortal, and God is eternal. If I pitch upon the Creature, either they may take wings like an Eagle, that flyeth towards Heaven, or my Soul may take its way with the rich fool, and go to Hell; but if I chooſe God for my Portion, then mercy and goodneſs ſhall follow me whil'ſt I live, and glory and eternity ſhall crown me when I dye. I will therefore now leave, that which I ſhall ſoon loſe, that ſo I may embrace that, which I ſhall always enjoy.

The difference between good and bad men, with respect to this Life.

8. I See the wicked have their Heaven here, and their Hell hereafter; and on the contrary, good men have their Hell here, and their Heaven hereafter. *Dives* had his good things in this life, and *Lazarus* evil; now *Lazarus* is comforted, and *Dives* is tormented. I will not therefore envy the prosperity of the wicked, nor be offended at the affliction of the righteous, seeing the one is drawn in pomp to Hell, whil'st the other swims in tears to Heaven.

Spiritual Joy and Sorrow.

9. AS there is a sad mirth, so there is a joyful mourning; look upon the voluptuous man, how-

however laughter may appear in his face, yet ſadneſs ever centers in his heart; his carnal delights are not only vain, but vexing; like Muſick they play him into a Melancholy fit: whil'ſt the Banquet laſts, the Senſualiſt ſings; but when the reckoning comes, his Spirit ſinks, his burning Candle preſently goes out in a ſtinking ſnuff, his ſhining Sun inſtantly ſets in a watery cloud. *Solomon* gives us the ſum of it thus: *Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.* But now come to the penitential perſon, as his tears are the joy of Angels, ſo they are the joy of his heart, and the ſolace of his ſoul; the ſalter his tears, the ſweeter his comforts; the deeper his ſighs, the fuller his joy; the beams of conſolation always ſhine into this houſe of mourning, ſo that his ſoul is in travel

vel with a *Barnabas*, and his labours bring forth the fruits of peace; insomuch, that I may truly say, To mourn for sin, is to weep for joy. These pure and pleasant streams of consolation (which is the worldlings wonder) that flow and run in those Christal Rivers of eternal Pleasure, at Gods right hand, they come from a weeping spring. Why then is the mouth of wickedness opened against the way of holiness? As if grace were the *Calvary* to intomb joy, and impiety the very womb to bring forth felicity, but if experience may be heard, my soul hath felt both, and I find such damps of spirit in worldly pleasures, and such refreshing of soul in the depth of godly sorrow, that I shall esteem one drop of such spiritual joy, better than an Ocean of their carnal mirth.

The

Souls Happineſs.

10. WHere thine happineſs lyeth, there thy portion lyeth: If thou place thy felicity in a poor empty creature: If with *Judas* thy Spirit run ſo low, that thou canſt be content only to keep the Bag, or with *Reuben* for ſome worldly convenience to quarter on this ſide *Jordan*: Why then, unworthy Soul, take that which is thine own, and go thy way: If thou wilt be put off with a breath of honour, a blaze of pleaſure, a ſnare of riches, or a parcel of vanity, Why then, go take thy fill, look for no more from God. Thou ſeeſt thy all, when thou goeſt from hence, then farewell all, in the mean while remember this, That when the breath ſhall be expired, the blaze extinct, and the

the ſoul for ever enſnared, then thy eternity ſhall be ſpent in bewailing thy folly. But now, O precious Soul! If thou place thy felicity in the higheſt excellency, thy portion lyes in the chiefeſt good: If it be thine happineſs always to behold the beauty of Gods face it ſhall be thy portion for ever to behold the beauty of Gods preſence. Lord, let the Worldling then be ſent away with ſome poor worldly trifles, but for my part, ſince thou haſt made me capable of ſuch heavenly excellencies, I deſire never to be put off with tranſitory vanities, my happineſs lyes only in thy ſelf: therefore whatever I enjoy beſide thy ſelf, I will take it as a Bleſſing, but not as a Portion.

Spiritual Deſires.

11. UNſatiable deſires in temporals, make a poor man in ſpirituals; a right Chriſtian is only rich in outward things, when he is contented with what he hath. That man hath nothing of heavenly things, that thirſteth not after more. Worldly deſires always leave us empty, either we get not what we covet, or elſe we are not ſatisfied with what we get; but he that thirſteth after heavenly things is always filled, and the more he receives, the more he deſires. The richeſt and choiceſt mercies that God can give, ſincere deſires will fetch them in. What a glorious improvement might we make of this affection, if we did but divert the ſtreams, and turn them Heaven-ward? How many excel-

excellent mercies lye a ground, and only want this tide to bring them in? Why then let I my desires run out in waſt? I do but make my ſelf poor, in thirſting after more of the World, and more of the Creature; whereas I might be rich, if I would but count more of Grace, and of Chriſt.

Deceitful Riches.

12. USually when a worldling is dead, we ask, how rich he died? O, (ſay many) he died rich, he hath left a great eſtate: Alas! the poor man hath ſlept his ſleep, loſt his dream, and now he awakes, he finds nothing in his hand, where lyes his golden heap? Only the ruſt of that heap is gone to witneſs againſt him; his Mammon fails him, only the unrighteouſneſs of it follows him; others have

have the uſe of it, only the abuſe of it, he carries to Judgement with him, he hath made his friend (as we ſay) but he hath undone himſelf, ſo that I may juſtly write this Motto upon every bag, [*This is the price of blood.*] Shall I then treaſure up the price of Blood? No, Chriſt hath entruſted me, as a Steward, therefore what I have, and need not, Chriſt ſhall have in his Members, that need, and have not. So the tranſitory Creatures, when they ſhall ſlide away, ſhall not carry me with them; but when I ſhall paſs away, I ſhall carry them with me.

Miſery of a Wicked Man.

13. GOod Lord! what a miſerable creature is a wicked man? His very Manna turns to Worms, his very mercies make him

him miſerable ; look upon him in his larger eſtate, and you ſhall find, either he hath not the benefit of enjoying it, only the danger of keeping it, and this adds not to his comfort ; or elſe if he doth enjoy it, he doth ſo miſerably abuſe it, that, as one ſaith well, He makes that which for uſe is but temporal, for puniſhment to be eternal. Alas ! the pleaſures of it are quickly gone, but the pain of it lyes in his bones for ever. Lord therefore help me to improve thy Mercies, or elſe thy Mercies will but improve my Miſeries.

Book of Conſcience.

14. WOuld ſt thou know whether thy name be written in the Book of Life ? why then read what thou haſt written in the Book of Conſcience. Thou needeſt

needeſt not ask, who ſhall aſcend up into Heaven, for to ſearch the Records of Eternity; thou may'ſt but deſcend down into thine own heart, and there read what thou art, and what thou ſhalt be. Though Gods Book of Election and Reprobation be cloſed and kept above with God; yet thy Book of Conſcience, that is open, and kept below in thy very Boſom; and what thou writeſt here, thou ſhalt be ſure to read there: If I write nothing in this Book, but the black lines of ſin; I ſhall find nothing in Gods Book but the red lines of damnation: But if I write Gods Word in the Book of Conſcience, I may be ſure God hath written my Name in the Book of Life. At the great Day of Judgment, when all Books ſhall be opened, there I ſhall either read the ſweeteſt or the ſharpeſt lines; I will therefore

ſo

ſo write here, that I may not be aſhamed to read hereafter.

Dangerous Curioſity.

15 BE not curious to ſearch into the ſecrets of God, pick not the Lock where he hath allowed no Key. He that will be ſifting every Cloud, may be ſmitten with a Thunder-bolt; and he that will be too familiar with Gods ſecrets, may be overwhelmed in his Judgements: *Adam* would curiouſly increaſe his Knowledge, wherefore *Adam* ſhamefully loſt his goodneſs: The *Bethſhemites* would needs pry into the Ark of God, therefore the hand of God ſlew above fifty thouſand of them: Therefore hover not about this flame, leſt we ſcorch our wings. For my part, ſeeing God hath made me his Secretary, I will carefully improve my

my ſelf by what we have revealed, and not curiouſly enquire into or after what he hath reſerved.

Death.

16. NOthing is ſo ſure as death, and nothing ſo uncertain as the time: I may be too old to live, I can never be too young to dye; I will therefore live every hour, as if I were to dye the next.

Eſtate of a man at Death.

17. AS the Tree falleth, ſo it lyeth; and where death ſtrikes down, there God layes out either for Mercy or Miſery. So that I may compare it to the Red Sea, if I go in an *Iſraelite*, my landing ſhall be in glory, and my rejoycing in triumph, to ſee all mine ene-

enemies dead upon the Sea ſhore; but if I go in an *Ægyptian*, if I be on this ſide the Cloud, on this ſide the Covenant, and yet go in hardned among the Troops of *Pharaoh*, Juſtice ſhall return in its full ſtrength, and an inundation of Judgment ſhall over-flow my ſoul for ever. Or elſe I may compare it to the ſleep of the ten Virgins, of whom it is ſaid, they ſlumbered and ſlept, we ſhall all fall into this ſleep; now if I lye down with the wiſe, I ſhall go in with the Bridegroom; but if I ſleep with the fooliſh, without Oil in my Lamp, without Grace in my Soul, have cloſed the Gates of Mercy upon my Soul for ever. I ſee then this life is the time wherein I muſt go forth to meet the Lord, this is the hour wherein I muſt do my work, and that the day wherein I muſt be judged according to my works. I know

know not how ſoon I may fall into this ſleep: Therefore, Lord, grant that I live every day in thy ſight, as I deſire to appear the laſt day in thy preſence.

Small ſpace between Life and Death.

18. WHat is ſaid of the Mariner, in reſpect to his Ship, that he always ſails within four inches of death, that may be ſaid of the Soul in relation to the Body, that it is always in four inches of Eternity; if the Ship ſplits, then the Saylor ſinks; if our earthen Veſſels break, the Soul is gone, plunged for ever into the bottomleſs Sea, and bankleſs Ocean of Eternity. This is the Soul therefore that I deſire to weep over, that ſhall prepoſterouſly launch into the deep, before he knows whe-

whether he ſhall ſink or ſwim.

Preparation for Death.

19. IT was a ſad ſpeech of a dying King, *Nondum cæpi vivere, jam cogor vivendi finem facere*, I muſt now dye before I begin to live. It is the ſad condition of many a dying man, that their work is to do, when their hour is come, when the enemy is in the gate, their weapons are to look for; when death is at the door, their graces are to look for; when the Bridegroom is come, their Oyl is to buy; the purſuer of blood is upon them, and the City of refuge not ſo much as thought of by them; In a word, the ſeven years of plenty are waſted, and no proviſion for the years of famine; time is ſpent, and nothing laid up for eternity. I will therefore now finiſh every

work I have to do, that to dye might be the laſt work I have to finiſh.

Evil Age.

20. THis impudent Age of ours is grown ſo eminently uncivil, that it is now adays counted one of the greateſt ſhames to be aſhamed of ſin; but for my part, I had rather be accounted the World's Fool, than God's Enemy.

Chriſtians Courage.

21. WOrldling, thou derideſt to ſee a Chriſtian melting at the word, trembling at a ſin; I tell thee, he is of a noble carriage, he can triumph in death, and in judgment, it is not the King of fears that that can appal

pal him, or Hell it ſelf that can affright him; but as a Conqueror over both, he can leave the world with a ſmile: *O Death where is thy Sting? O Hell, where is thy Victory?* That is his triumphant valediction and farewell. But thou that glorieſt ſo much, becauſe thou canſt ſilence Conſcience, and out-face ſin; I tell thee, thou art of a baſe cowardly ſpirit, let but a little ſickneſs impair thy health, or the thoughts of death charge upon thy ſpirit, and what quick retreatings are there from thy bold reſolutions? What heavineſs clouds thy looks? What terrours ſhake thy joynts? What ſadneſs ſinks thy heart? So that a fancy frights thee, a ſhadow ſtartles thee, *Nabal*-like thy ſpirits dye, and ſink within thee like a ſtone. Therefore jeer on; for my part, I hold it better to fear, while God

threatens, than to fall when God judgeth.

The Souls Communion.

22. THe nearer the Moon draweth into conjunction with the Sun, the brighter it ſhines towards the Heavens, and the obſcurer it ſhews towards the Earth: So the nearer the Soul draws into Communion with Jeſus Chriſt, the comlier it is in the eye of the Spouſe, and the blacker it appears in the ſight of the World: He that is a precious Chriſtian to the Lord, is a preciſe Puritan to the World: He that is glorious to an heavenly Saint, is odious to an earthly Spirit. But it is a ſign thou art an *Ægyptian*, when that cloud which is a light to an *Iſraelite*, is darkneſs to thee: It is a ſign thou moveſt in a Terreſtial Orb, when thou ſeeſt

ſeeſt no luſtre in ſuch Celeſtial lights; for my part, if I ſhine to God, I care not how I ſhew to the World.

The Worth of a Chriſtian.

23. IT appears not what we are to the World, and it hardly appears what we ſhall be to our ſelves; for did they know, that we are Jewels of God, the Favourites of Heaven, the Excellency of the Creation, the Beloved of Chriſt, they would not mock and perſecute us as they do: Or if we did but know, that we ſhould be glorified together with Chriſt, his happineſs ſhall be as our happineſs, and that his joy ſhall be as our joys, and his glories ſhall be as our glories, truly we ſhould not be ſo much dejected as we are: when I conſider, that my life is hid with

Chriſt in God, I wonder not to ſee the World hate me; but when I conſider that when Chriſt ſhall appear, I ſhall be like him, I wonder t doth ſo much as trouble me.

Proſperity of the Wicked.

24. WHy ſhould I fret my ſelf at the proſperity of the Wicked? Indeed, when I look upon the ſpreading Bay, and forget the withering Herb; when I view their Quails, and forget their Curſe, my feet, my feet had almoſt ſlipt; but ſince I went into the Sanctuary of God, I find that all the bloſſoms of their glory muſt diſ-flouriſh under the blaſtings of Gods wrath; and all their external felicity doth but only perfect the Judgments of the Lord, and fill up the meaſure of their miſery; for what's their pleaſure, but juſt like

like the deceitful salute of *Joab* with *Amasa*? What's their Honour, but like *Absolom*'s Mule, it only mounts, and carries them to their Gallows? What is their Riches, but like *Jael's* Present in a Lordly Dish, it only makes way for the fatal nail, for their sad account at the day of Judgement. This their prosperity slays them: Now who esteems that Ox happy, that hath a goodly Pasture to feed himself for the slaughter? Who envies that Malefactor, that hath a fair day to ride to execution in? And why is it that the workers of iniquity flourish? Is it not that they may be destroyed for ever? And the larger their pasture, the sooner they are fitted for the slaughter. I therefore for my part, when I see a sinner prosper in his wickedness, will turn the flame of envy into a tear of pity.

A Chriſtians Heaven and Hell.

25. THis is Heaven, to be for ever with the Lord; and this is Hell, for ever to be without the Lord. You that can ſee no beauty in Chriſt, nor glory in Heaven, do you likewiſe ſee no flames in Hell, no Hell in loſs of God? You therefore that cannot be taken with his preſence, oh tremble at his abſence; and you that care not to be with, oh fear to be without him: For this is Hell on Earth, *Depart from us*; and this is Hell when we leave the Earth, *Depart from me.* Lord, thou art my Heaven, and my Happineſs, unite me to thee, that I may be for ever with thee.

The Use of Riches.

26. THat good which is in riches, lyeth altogether in their use, like the Woman's Box of Oyntment, if it be not broken and poured out for the sweet refreshment of Jesus Christ in his distressed Members, they lose their worth. Therefore the covetous Man may truly write upon his rusting heaps, *These are good for nothing*. *Chrysostom* tells us, That he is not rich that lays up much, but that lays out much; for it's all one, not to have, as not to use. I will therefore be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the Worldling shall be the poorer by his covetous hoarding up.

The Worldlings God.

27. WHo will part with his God? I will part with my Life rather than with my God: No marvel then the covetous man ſo hugs his Gold, it is his God; if you take that from him, he may cry with *Micah*, when he loſt his Gods, *What have I more?* His Heaven is gone, his Happineſs is gone, his All is gone, if God be gone: I will not therefore wonder ſo much at the cloſeneſs of his hand, as at the vainneſs of his heart: We count it ſingular wiſdom to keep that God we chuſe, but that is abſolute folly to chuſe that God we cannot keep.

The Souls Happineſs.

28. OH my Soul! Thou art ſpiritual in thine eſſence, immenſible in thy deſires, and immortal in thy nature, ſo that there muſt be proportion and perfection of what thou enjoyeſt, with a perennity of both; or elſe no full content, no real ſatisfaction: Now, were the univerſal World turned into a pleaſant *Eden*, and that *Eden* refreſh'd with the living ſprings of immortality, and thou ſeated in the Throne of its choiceſt excellencies, crowned with the Diadem of its higheſt felicities, ſwaying the Scepter of thy glory over all ſublunary creatures: Nay, could'ſt thou give reins to the Sun, or guidance to the moving flames; did thy Territories board upon the higheſt Heavens, and the revenues

of

of thy Crown flow in from the farthest parts of the Earth, yet what proportion doth a material world bear to an immortal Soul? Will a Lion feed upon Grass? Or can the Soul be satisfied with dust? Thou mayest as soon feed thy body with Grass, as thy soul with the Creature; if it did bear proportion, yet it wants perfection: Could the Devil turn a Chymist, and extract the very vital spirits and quintessence of the purest and desirablest excellencies under Heaven, yet it is of such an imperfect nature, that there is more Lees than Liquor, more Thorns than Flowers, more Smoak than Fire, more Sting than Honey; so that the Soul shall be filled with a whirlwind of vexation, that thinks to be satisfied with an object of imperfection; for it is impossible, that such a scanty excellency, should

any

any ways fill ſuch an enlarged capacity. Yet again, were there perfection, yet there is not perpetuity, it will fly away like a Bird from the Perch, or melt away like Ice before the Sun, and ſo leave the immortal ſoul to ſink for ever; ſo that the Creature will not only make thee reſtleſs, but leave thee miſerable: I ſee then, that I ſhall never reſt, till I reſt in God; he that is the Father of Spirits, the Fountain of Bliſs, the Antient of Days, he onely is the Adequate Object for thine immortal Soul, the reſt of the Creatures is in its end, the end of the Soul is its God. Therefore, Lord, ſeeing thou haſt made me for thy ſelf, fill me fully with thy ſelf, or take me wholly to thy ſelf.

Vani-

The Vanity of the World.

29. DOth Satan tempt thee, either by pleaſures, dignities, or profits? O my Soul! ſtand upon thy guard, gird on thy ſtrength with ſuch thoughts as theſe, What can the World profit me, if the cares choak me? How can pleaſures comfort me, if the ſting poyſon me? Or what advancement is this, to be triumphing in honour before the face of men here, and to be trembling for ſhame before the Throne of God hereafter? What are the delights of the World, to the peace of my Conſcience, or the Joy that is in the Holy Ghoſt? What are the applauſes of men, to the Crown prepared by God? or what is the gain of the World, to the loſs of my Soul? The vanity of the creature

ture is far beneath the excellency of my Soul. Therefore, Satan, you and I muſt keep at an everlaſting diſtance, for you bid me loſs.

The Chriſtian Traveller.

30. A Black Cloud makes the Traveller mend his pace and mind his home; whereas a fair day, and a pleaſant way, waſtes his time, and that ſtealeth away his affections in the proſpect of the Country: However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then ſome clouds do interpoſe my Sun, and many times ſome troubles do eclipſe my comforts; For I perceive, if I ſhould find too much friendſhip in my Inn, in my Pilgrimage, I ſhould ſoon forget my Fathers Houſe and my Heritage.

Worlds

The Worlds hatred to living Saints.

31. THere is a Generation of men, that will praiſe and adore the Saints in Heaven, and yet mock and afflict the Saints on Earth; ſo that were all thoſe Saints alive again, whom they ſo much honour in their day, I dare affirm, they would perſecute them in their perſon: Like the *Jews*, they can garniſh the Sepulchre of the Righteous, and yet play the *Jew* with the Perſon of the Righteous. Diſſembling world, thy tongue embalms a dead Saint, whilſt thy hand ſtrikes a wound into the living Saints, and thou canſt praiſe God for thoſe that are departed in the Faith, and yet perſecute God in thoſe that will not depart from the Faith. O fooliſh World! muſt thou needs condemn thy ſelf, for thy

thy praiſe hath left thy practice without excuſe.

The Beſt Treaſures.

32. *Alexander* being asked where he would lay his Treaſure? anſwered very well; *apud Amicos*, among his Friends, being confident, that there it would be kept with ſafety, and returned with uſe. What needeſt thou enlarge thy Barns? Knoweſt not thou where to lay thy plenty? Make the Friends of Chriſt thy Treaſury, let the hands of the Widow, the bowels of the Poor be thy ſtore-houſe: here it is ſure, no Thief can ſteal it, no time can ruſt it, no change can loſe it, and here 'tis improved. A temporal gift is here turned into an eternal reward, no ground ſo fruitful as the boſom of the poor, that brings forth in hundred fold. *Worlds*

The Worlds Worthleſneſs.

33. O my Soul! what makeſt thou groveling on the Earth? every thing here below is too baſe for thine excellency, too ſhort for thine eternity: thou art capable of God, and muſt have a Being; when theſe poor creatures are reduced to nothing, the creature is too baſe a metal to make thee a Crown of Glory, too rotten a bottom to carry thee through eternity. Oh fill thy ſelf with God, ſo ſhalt thou raiſe thy dignity to perpetuity.

A Chriſtian's Circumſpection.

34. WHere any thing preſents its ſelf, think if Chriſt were now alive, would he do it? Or if I were now to dye, would I do

do it? I muſt walk as he hath walked, and I muſt live as I intend to dye; if it be not Chriſts Will, it is my ſin, and if I dye in that ſin, it will be my ruine: I will therefore in every action ſo carry my ſelf, as if Chriſt were on the one hand, and Death on the other.

Live with reſpect to Eternity.

35. OUr life is but a Moment of time; and yet in this Moment of time we ſow the Seeds of Eternity, in this tranſitory hour I am framing to my ſelf either a good or a bad Eternity. Theſe words that now I ſpeak, theſe works that I now act, though they here ſeem to rot, yet they ſhall ſpring up to Eternity. Therefore, as the Poet anſwered one, upbraiding him for being three days about three Verſes, whereas he could make

make an hundred in one day: Oh, ſaith he, *At tui ad triduum modo, mei in omne æternum duraturi ſunt:* Thine are but for three days, as it were, but mine muſt continue for ever; according to my carriage now, my Name muſt either riſe or fall for ever. So may we anſwer this fooliſh World, upbraiding us of too much ſtrictneſs and preciſeneſs: Oh! had not we need to be exact indeed, when the works we are about, are not to be written in ſand, but in the records of eternity: the lines that now we draw, muſt run parallel with eternity; and according as we carry our ſelves in this Moment of time, our Souls muſt live or dye for ever. O Lord! help me ſo to improve the brevity of my life, by the integrity of my actions, that I may turn this Moment of Miſery into an Eternity of Bliſs.

Happy

The Happy Lives of the Bleſſed.

36. THe Soul of Man (ſaith the Philoſopher) is the horiſon of time and eternity: Now if the Sun of Righteouſneſs be not riſen in our horiſon, we muſt expect nothing but a clouded time, and a ſtormy eternity, groſs darkneſs, here, and utter darkneſs hereafter for ever. But as for thoſe bleſſed Saints, into whoſe Souls the oriental ſplendor of the Sun of Righteouſneſs is ſhed abroad, how do they live in his ſight? What celeſtial excellencies! What reviving comforts! What advancing principles are darted forth from the face of beauty into their Spirits! And as for the triumphant Saints, in whoſe Horizon Jeſus Chriſt is in the Eternal Meridian of his Glory; Oh what full beams of bliſs and con-

conſolation, without the leaſt ſhadow of bitterneſs and diſcontent, warms and delights their bleſſed Souls to all eternity! Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance in my Horizon, ſo ſhall time be the Morning, and eternity the Noon of Glory in my Soul.

The Worldlings mean Choice.

87. THe World hath many Servants, becauſe it gives preſent wages; where Chriſt hath but a few Diſciples, becauſe their reward is in another life: Moſt live by ſight, and therefore muſt have to ſatisfie ſenſe; they had rather with *Iſhmael* be ſent away with a ſmall Gift, than with *Iſaac* to wait for the Inheritance; they had rather take their portion in this life, than to wait for an Inheritance reſerved in the Heavens: Their

Their unworthy ſpirits cry with *Eſau*, What profit will this Birthright do us? We muſt have pleaſure, and we muſt have riches; and therefore with *Lyſimacus*, they will ſell their Kingdoms, and themſelves, for a draught of Water. There are but few ſuch elevated ſpirits as the Diſciples had, that can leave a poſſeſſion, to live upon a promiſe; there are but few have ſuch heroick ſpirits as *Moſes* had, that can deſpiſe the Treaſures of this preſent World, out of reſpect unto the recompence of a future Reward: But there are many of ſuch ſordid ſpirits as *Dives* had, that would enjoy their good things here; but for my part, Lord! give not me my portion in this life, I had rather live by faith.

Re-

The rebellious Sinner.

38. WHat Rebel under Proclamation of Mercy ſtands out, when he knows he ſhall be fetch'd in by the hand of Juſtice? Yet how many refractory Sinners (with thoſe invited Gueſts in the Goſpel) deride the Meſſengers of Peace, until they are ſlain by the Men of War. Indeed, hadſt thou counſel, wiſdom and ſtrength for the Battel; could thy heart endure, or thy hands be ſtrong in the day that God ſhall deal with thee, this were much; or could the gods whom thou ſerveſt deliver thee out of the hands of Chriſt, this were more: But alas! thou muſt one day be brought under his regal power, either in favour or fury, either in the praiſe of his Glory, or to the magnifying of his

his Juſtice; if thou hate his Throne, thou ſhalt be made his Footſtool; if thou wilt not have him to be thy Head, thou ſhalt be trod under his Feet; if he be not thy Jeſus, he will be thy Judge; in a word, if thou wilt not touch the Golden Scepter of his Mercy, thou ſhalt be cruſhed with the Rod of his Juſtice: And remember this, that this life is only the time of diſplaying the Flag of Mercy, and the burning of the Taper of Peace; if once the white Flag be folded up, and the burning Taper burnt out, then look for nothing but the ſad flouriſhes of the black Flag: As for thoſe mine enemies, that would not that I ſhould reign over them, bring them hither and ſlay them before me: Therefore now ſit down, and ſee thy weakneſs, and while the King is yet a great way off, ſend out the Ambaſſa-

dours of thy prayers and tears, and acquaint thy ſelf now with God, and be at peace. For my part I had rather come in a Favourite, than be brought in a Traytor.

The Benefit of Repentance.

39. SIN and Sorrow are two inſeparable Companions, thou canſt not let in one, and ſhut out the other: if thy Moment be ſpent in mirth, thy Eternity ſhall be ſpent in mourning; if thou wilt not weep, whil'ſt thou mayeſt have Mercy to pardon thee, thou ſhalt lament hereafter, and yet have no eye to pity thee. A bottle of tears may now quench the fire of ſin, but a cloud of tears ſhall never quench the flames of Hell, therefore while the wicked go on laughing, I deſire to go on mourning. The Valley of *Bochim* will at length

length ſet me upon the Hill of *Sion*; but the paths of rejoycing will at length bring into a hell of weeping: for this is a truth, That he that ſwims in ſin, ſhall ſink in ſorrow; their laughter ſhall be turned into heavineſs, while my tears ſhall be wiped away: I will therefore ever weep, that I may not weep for ever.

As we live, ſo we dye

40. THat way the Tree inclineth while it groweth, that way it pitcheth when it falleth, and there it lyes, whether it be toward the *North* or *South*: As we are in life, for the moſt part we are in death; ſo we lye down to eternity, whether it be towards Heaven or Hell. Being once fallen, there is no removing; for as in War, an errour is death; ſo in Death, an

errour is damnation; therefore live as thou intendeſt to dye, and dye as thou intendeſt to live. O Lord! Let the bent of my Soul be always towards thee, that ſo I may fall to thee, and ever reſt with thee.

The miſerable end of proſperous Wickedneſs.

41. *Jordan* that famous River, no doubt runs through many a pleaſant Meadow, by many a ſhady Grove, and flowery Bank, and yet at laſt is forced to empty it ſelf into a dead Sea, and not only ſo, but thoſe freſh Cryſtal ſtreams, that made thoſe famous Brooks loſe both name and worth, are turned into the dead Sea themſelves: Juſt ſo it is with a Wicked Man, here he walks through the Meadows of Worldly Pleaſures

and

and Reſt, under the ſhades of earthly comforts and ſports, and wallows himſelf amongſt the flowers of worldly delights, but at laſt runs himſelf out into a dead Lake, and is caſt into Hell among the number of thoſe that forget God; and not only ſo, but his very Heaven it ſelf, that made up all his happineſs, is turn'd into Hell, his beauty is turn'd into horror, his honour into ſhame, his luſts into devils, his pleaſure into bitterneſs, his ſcarlet into flames of fire and brimſtone, ſo that that which was his freſh Stream here, is his ſalt Sea there: Lord! Let me be a pure Stream, that may end in Heaven! I care not what ſtony veins I run through here on earth, ſo I may but there loſe the name of weakneſs and corruption, for glory and perfection.

The Worldlings Folly.

42. WHat's a day to an age? and what's an age to eternity? And yet we know the ſhorteſt day is part of the longeſt time, but the longeſt time is no part of eternity; for where time ends, there eternity begins. Why are we then ſo fooliſh to heap up goods for mortality, to lay up riches, which at longeſt are but for many years, perhaps not for many hours; and yet to provide nothing for eternity? And why are we ſo careful to humour and uphold a mouldering piece of clay, a frail and mortal body, which cannot ſtand above an age, perhaps not above a day, and yet neglect our precious ſouls, that muſt endure for ever? Do we all aim at a proſperous life? why then let

us

us labour for a glorious eternity.

No Happineſs without Holineſs.

43. ALL men would have happineſs for their end, but few would have holineſs for their way: All men would have the Kingdom of Heaven, and the glory thereof, but few ſeek the Kingdom of Heaven, and the righteouſneſs thereof. As that Noble Man being asked, What he thought of the courſe of preciſe Puritans (as the World terms them) or of the life of licentious Libertines? Anſwered, *Cum iſtis mallem vivere, cum illis mori mallem:* I had rather live with thoſe, and dye with them. So moſt men had rather live with *Balaam*, but dye with *Iſrael*. They would willingly have the Libertines eaſe, but the godly mans end. But this is certain, no

ſoul ſhall go to God in death; but only that which draws near to God in life. If the Kingdom of God be not firſt in us, we ſhall never enter into the Kingdom of God; no ſoul ſhall reſt in Heaven hereafter, but thoſe that walk in Heaven here; no ſoul ſhall enter into the gates of felicity, but only that which treads the narrow paths of piety. Lord! make me holy, as well as happy, that I may love as well to glorifie thee, as to be glorified of thee.

The delay of Repentance dangerous.

44. THere be many to morrow Chriſtians, that ſet their day with God, at ſuch a day they will repent, and not before, as if they had the Lordſhip of Time, and the Monopoly of Grace; whereas Time and Grace are only

at

at Gods diſpoſing. As St. *Ambroſe* ſaith, *Pœnitenti indulgentiam, ſed dilaturo diem craſtinum non promiſit*: God hath promiſed pardon to the penitent, but he hath not promiſed to morrow to the negligent. As St. *Auguſtine* ſaith, *Qui dat pœnitenti veniam, non ſemper dabit peccanti pœnitentiam:* He that gives pardon to the penitent, doth not always give repentance to the ſinner. If I put God off to day, he may put off me to morrow; if I put off this hour [redacted] I may never have another gracious hour; to day if I put by his hands of Mercy, to morrow he may ſtretch out his hand of Juſtice. It is true, whilſt I have time, I may come in; but it is alſo true, when I would come in, I may not have time. This is certain, when I repent, I ſhall have mercy; but this is as certain, when I would have mercy, I may

not find repentance. O Lord, thou haſt given me this hour of grace to repent in! Give me grace in this hour to repent with.

The Vanities of Humane life.

45. GOod Lord! what a ſhadow is the life of man? What a nothing is it? The time paſt, that's nothing, juſt like a Bird fled from the hand of the Owner, out of ſight. The time preſent, that's vaniſhing, a running hour, nay leſs, a flying minute, as good as nothing. The time to come, that's uncertain, the evening Sun may ſee us dead. Lord! Therefore in this hour make me ſure of thee, for in the next I am not ſure of my ſelf.

The Life of Faith.

46 *Alexander* when he had divided his wealth among his friends, and being ask't, what he had reserved for himself? Answered, Hope. He is a rare Christian indeed, that can part with all for Christ, and live by faith? but when it comes to this, that we must lose what we have here, out of hope to find it again in Heaven, the running Professor stops, and goes back sorrowful. *Crates* in his way to Philosophy, threw his goods into the Sea to save himself, saying, *Ego vos mergam, ne ipse mergar a vobis*: I had rather drown you, than that you should drown me: For he thought riches and vertue were incompatible. But how many Christians are there, that in their way to Jesus Christ, throw away themselves and their.

their ſouls, to ſave their gold? before they will caſt their bread upon the waters, they will throw themſelves into the Ocean; many that make ſuch ſpecious ſhews of following of Chriſt, in this ſame turning you may know their Maſter; but this is a truth, he hath no part at all in Chriſt, that will not part with all for Chriſt; and he lives but the life of ſence, that cannot make a living out of a promiſe. Therefore, Lord, of what I have, freely take thou what thou calleſt for: Chriſt is my portion and reward, I have enough to live on.

A Chriſtians Treaſure.

47. WHen I look into the Treaſures of Men, perhaps I ſee Cheſts of Plate, Bags of Gold, Cabinets of Jewels, but this

this is the misery of it, that when he goes abroad, he cannot carry them without a burthen, or leave them without a fear. But here now is the excellency of a Child of God, that his treasure is always in him, and it is his happiness to carry it always with him, that as it is transcendent for riches, being the fulness of God, so it is likewise permanent for continuance, because he is filled with that fulness, insomuch, that you may sooner rend his soul from his body, than take his treasure from his soul. This was that which sweetned the loss of Country-house and Friends to *Ovid* in his Exile, the thoughts of his *Genius*, the riches of his ingenuous spirit was beyond the riches of *Cæsar*'s malice; and this is that which refresheth the spirit of a Christian in all troubles and afflictions that he meets with in the Land

of

of baniſhment, he hath the poſ-ſeſſion of Jeſus Chriſt, whom he can never loſe: Oh the excellency of a Child of God! Though you caſt him out of all, yet you can-not caſt any thing of this all out of him. But as *Bias* that princely Philoſopher ſaid, when he loſt his City, and was put to flight, being asked by thoſe that fled with him, with their bag and baggage; why he likewiſe took not ſomething with him? anſwered; *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all my riches with me; meaning his Wiſdom and Virtues. So a Chriſtian, though you impoveriſh him, baniſh him, and caſt him out of all, yet he is able to ſay ſtill, *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all my treaſure with me, I have my Chriſt, my fulneſs. And truly, Lord, ſo thou wilt poſſeſs me with this All, I care not though I am diſpoſſeſſed of all.

The Day of Grace.

48. LEgal days were but like winter days, dark and cloudy, ſharp and ſtormy; and yet how many of our Fathers travelled to Heaven in thoſe days! But Goſpel-times, they are like Somer days, ſweet and clear, full of light and beauty, ſo that we may truly ſay, That God hath not been as a cloud of darkneſs to us, for theſe are the days of grace, that are full of the beams of mercy; yet how ſlowly and ſadly do many of us go to Heaven? But, which is worſe, how ſadly and ſlighly do we waſte theſe precious days, and neglect theſe golden opportunities? Oh, what time ſhall that ſoul find to repent in, that ſhall be hardned in theſe melting times! Oh, what days ſhall that Soul find to go to Hea-

of baniſhment, he hath the poſ-ſeſſion of Jeſus Chriſt, whom he can never loſe: Oh the excellency of a Child of God! Though you caſt him out of all, yet you cannot caſt any thing of this all out of him. But as *Bias* that princely Philoſopher ſaid, when he loſt his City, and was put to flight, being asked by thoſe that fled with him, with their bag and baggage; why he likewiſe took not ſomething with him? anſwered; *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all my riches with me; meaning his Wiſdom and Virtues. So a Chriſtian, though you impoveriſh him, baniſh him, and caſt him out of all, yet he is able to ſay ſtill, *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all my treaſure with me, I have my Chriſt, my fulneſs. And truly, Lord, ſo thou wilt poſſeſs me with this All, I care not though I am diſpoſſeſſed of all.

The Day of Grace.

48. LEgal days were but like winter days, dark and cloudy, ſharp and ſtormy; and yet how many of our Fathers travelled to Heaven in thoſe days! But Goſpel-times, they are like Somer days, ſweet and clear, full of light and beauty, ſo that we may truly ſay, That God hath not been as a cloud of darkneſs to us, for theſe are the days of grace, that are full of the beams of mercy; yet how ſlowly and ſadly do many of us go to Heaven? But, which is worſe, how ſadly and ſlighly do we waſte theſe precious days, and neglect theſe golden opportunities? Oh, what time ſhall that ſoul find to repent in, that ſhall be hardned in theſe melting times! Oh, what days ſhall that Soul find to go to Hea-

Heaven in, that ſhall idle away theſe Goſpel dayes! Oh what grace ſhall that man find for ſin, that ſhall ſin away the day of grace! Oh, to whom ſhall that ſoul appeal, that ſhall renounce Jeſus Chriſt! Oh, woe unto that ſoul for ever: upon which the ſhadows of death, and of the evening are ſtrecheed out, and yet never ſet forth for Heaven! But wofuller is that man, to whom the clearer and ſweeter day, doth only make the blacker and the ſadder Hell. Oh, what blackneſs of darkneſs is reſerved for that ſoul, that ſhall walk in darkneſs in the midſt and under ſuch clearneſs of light! We are thoſe that are not only lifted up to Heaven, but Heaven is let down to us. Oh, how long ſhall that man lye in Hell, that Heaven preſſeth down! Oh, thou Goſpel-Chriſtian! Thou art now under the clear demonſtrati-

ons.

ons of Chriſt, the ſweet invitations of Mercy, the large manifeſtations of Love, look to it, thou ſhalt go either to Heaven or to Hell, upon the eaſieſt or hardeſt terms.

A ſixfold voice of Warning.

49. METhinks I hear ſix voices cry aloud: The firſt voice is of dying Man: The ſecond is the voice of the Damned. The third is the voice of my precious Soul. The fourth is the voice of Jeſus Chriſt. The fifth is the voice of evil times. The ſixth is the voice of the Day of Judgment. Firſt, Methinks I hear dying man breathing out theſe groans, Oh, loſe not a Moment of time, for thy time is but a Moment! Oh, now make ſure of Heaven, for thou knoweſt not how ſoon thou muſt leave the Earth!

Earth! And then methinks I hear the damned Man roaring forth theſe lamentations, Oh, Come and ſee the end of ſin, in theſe that know no end of ſorrow! Oh, come and learn thy price of time, from thoſe that muſt for ever ſuffer for the loſs of time! And then methinks I hear my precious Soul uſing theſe expoſtulations, Oh, my Body! What a fool am I to ſatisfie thy luſts, thou art but for a Moment of time, but I muſt endure for ever; when thou art wrapt up in rottenneſs, where ſhall I ſpend my eternity! I might now get Heaven for my Manſion, Angels for my Companions, God for my Poſſeſſion, and doſt thou think I will loſe my felicity to ſatisfie thy dainty? Is it not better, that I ſhould carry thee to Heaven, than that thou ſhouldeſt carry me with thee to Hell? And then methinks

I

I hear Jeſus Chriſt uſing theſe invitations, Behold I ſtand at the door and knock, till my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the dew of the night; here I ſtand weeping, knocking, begging, and waiting; Oh open to me! My tears beg, my tears knock, my blood knocks, my groans knock, oh open to me! My patience knocks and waits, oh open to me! Let not ſin lodge in thy heart, and Chriſt waits at the door; let not damnation rule within, and ſalvation wait without. And then methinks, Evil times uſe their invitations, Oh now be living Chriſtians, for theſe are dying days! Oh now be growing Chriſtians, for theſe are backſliding times! Oh now make Jeſus Chriſt thine own, for here thou knoweſt not what is thine own! And then laſtly, methinks I hear the voice of the Archangel,

changel, ſummoning the dead to come forth to Judgment, Ariſe ye holy and bleſſed Saints, take your places with God and his Holy Angels, to judge the World: Ariſe ye curſed naked ſouls, and take your ſtanding in the ſight of God, and of his bleſſed Saints, to be judged as you lived in the World. Oh Lord, let me hear with fear the firſt voices, that I may not fear to hear the laſt voice!

The Devout Souls Choice or Portion.

50. IN every choice, we cannot take, except we leave: That Soul that chooſeth life and grace, refuſeth all things elſe. This is the heavenly breathing of ſuch a gracious ſpirit, Lord! Let vain men follow vain faſhions, but cloath me with ſalvation, and cover me with

with the robes of righteouſneſs; let them be all glorious without, but let me be all glorious within; let them crown themſelves with roſe buds, but crown me as thou doſt thy Church, with the ſtars of Heaven, theſe ſhall ſhine, when thoſe ſhall fade. Let the Wicked go away with the World; let them have all the ſweetneſs, beauties, glories, and excellencies of the Earth; but let Jeſus Chriſt be my portion, there all things elſe are nothing at all, where Chriſt is all in all: Therefore be ſerious, Oh my Soul, for thou haſt none of Chriſt, until thou canſt truly ſay, *None but Chriſt.*

A three-fold awakening Conſideration.

51. THree things (methinks) ſhould make the heart of

a Chriſtian to tremble. First, To conſider the brevity of their Life. Secondly, The difficulty of their Work. Thirdly, The eternity of their End. Our Life is but a withering flower, a flying cloud, a vaniſhing ſhadow, a periſhing breath, the Body returneth to the duſt, and the ſoul goeth ſuddenly to its long home, the night inſtantly cometh when no man can work: But now, What work is to be done in this ſhort inch of time? Great enemies to be conquered, Sons of *Anak* to be killed, Principalities and Powers to be over-powered, dear Luſts to be ſubdued, right eyes to be plucked out, right hands to be cut off, ſtrict rules to be followed, a narrow way and ſtrait gate to go through; to ſum it up, a long race to be run with a ſhort breath, a great way to be gone by a ſetting Sun: But then, What

are we to expect when this Taper is out, this breath is expired? Even as we have ſowed, ſo to reap; either to be eternally crowned, or eternally damned: Now therefore before the Sun be ſet, or the ſhadow of the evening be ſtretched out, whatſoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wiſdom in the grave whither thou goeſt. Oh Lord, help me ſo to work for thee, in this Moment of time, that I may for ever reſt with thee, when time ſhall be no more.

The Loveliness of Christ.

52. YOu have heard of the bloody Siege of *Troy*, and yet it was ſaid of *Hellen*, that ſhe was ſo beautiful, that ſhe deſerved ten years war more, and what was *Hellen*,

Hellen, but a glorious heap of Clay? You have heard of the hard labours of *Jacob*, yet *Rachel* was ſo amiable in his eyes, that he thought her worthy of fourteen years ſervice: If theſe deſerved ſo much, oh, what doth Jeſus Chriſt deſerve! who is altogether lovely, before whoſe ſhining glory, the beauty of the whole Creation is but an indigeſted Chaos. Therefore be not diſcouraged, Oh my Soul, though thine enemies be fierce, thy aſſaults cruel, thy reſiſtance even unto blood; thou fighteſt for a beautiful Chriſt that deſerves it: Neither be diſheartned, Oh my Soul! though rules be ſtrict, duties hard, thy labours great, thou ſerveſt for an amiable Chriſt, that will ſufficiently reward it. Look but upon the lovely beauties of thy Chriſt, think but upon the glorious day of thine eſpouſal,

and

and theſe fourteen years will be nothing to thee; Lord, let me always have thy beauty in mine eye, ſo ſhall I quickly find no difficulty in my hand.

The pleaſure of a Religious Life.

53. I Have formerly (with the World) accounted the ſpirit of a Chriſtian, to be a melancholly ſpirit; and the ways of holineſs only unpleaſant paths, leading to the deſarts of ſad retiredneſs. But now I ſee they have hidden Manna which the World knows not of; glorious joyes, which ſtrangers do not meddle with, and the cloſer and exacter they walk, the fuller and ſweeter are their joys: Formerly the very thoughts of parting with my pleaſures and delights to embrace ſoul-humbling, ſelf-denying duties, were grievous to

me: But now, I bleſs my God, I can ſay with *Auguſtine*, *Quam ſuave ſuavitatibus iſtis carere!* Oh how ſweet is it to want my former ſweetneſs! It is now my rejoycing to be without my former joys, for now I ſee there is a Heaven in the way to Heaven, and that one look of Faiths, one ſmile of Chriſts, one glance of Heaven, one grape of *Canaan*, one glimpſe of my Crown of Glory, yields more ſweetneſs, comfort and content, than all the pleaſures and delights the World affords; the very gleaning of ſpiritual joy, is better than the vintage of carnal delights: Let no man then ſtand off for want of pleaſures, for here he ſhall not loſe them, only change them.

No

No satisfaction in the Creature.

54. *Solomon* tryed many conclusions, but not one took but he last, the Fear of God. Oh my Soul, thou mayest tire thy self with varieties of Objects, but none satisfies but this, the Fruition of thy God; he only is the plenary and primary Goodness, he only is the efficient and sufficient Fulness: As it was said of Manna, that it was the delight of every palate: so it may be said of Jesus Christ, that he is satisfaction to every soul; Taste therefore and see how sweet the Lord is. What's the Reason we wander after such variety of Creatures? Because we cannot find sufficiency in one, were one herb as virtual, or one flower as delectable, as the Collection, we would never trouble our selves to

gather many. Take up then thy reſt, Oh my Soul, in the chiefeſt and choiceſt good, which comprehends all other goods. Thoſe golden rayes of goodneſs, which lye ſcattered in the Creature, are only to be found conjunctively in God: Theſe pure ingredients, which go in to make up the higheſt excellency, largeſt goodneſs, fulleſt perfection, are only to be found collectively in him. Knoweſt thou any thing is profitable, delectable, or deſireable in the Creature? Thou mayeſt ſee it in thy God, find it in thy Chriſt. Art thou captivated? He is thy Redeemer: Art thou wounded? He is thy good *Samaritan*: Art thou broken hearted? Go unto Chriſt, and he will bind it up: Art thou ſick? He is thy Phyſician: Art thou perſecuted? He is thy refuge? Art thou hungry or thirſty?

ſty? He is the living bread, and the flowing ſtream? Art thou weary? He is thy reſt: Art thou in want or poverty? He is an inexhauſtible treaſury: Art thou in diſgrace or contempt? Why, he is thy honour: Art thou dull and heavy? He is a quickning ſpirit: Would'ſt thou have grace? He is the fountain: Would'ſt thou have Heaven? He is the way, he ſhall guide thee by his counſel, and after receive thee in glory. Let that mans name therefore be written in the duſt, that leaves the flowing Fountain, to quench his thirſt at a broken Ciſtern. Why ſhould I tire my ſelf, to gather drops of honey from ſo many dying flowers, when I can ſatisfie my ſelf with ſtreams of ſweetneſs in the living Chriſt? Therefore Creatures, in this you and I muſt part, for Chriſt outbids you all.

The Knowledge of Chriſt.

55. A Chriſtian may raiſe another Paradiſe here below, may make a lower Heaven on Earth: For this is life eternal, to know thee, and Jeſus Chriſt, whom thou haſt ſent. To know Chriſt in the evidence of his Love revealed to us, and Chriſt revealed in us, is the very entrance of Heaven; for what is the perfection of grace, but the fulneſs of his knowledge? And what is the conſummation of glory, but the bleſſedneſs of this fulneſs? Therefore Lord, be every day adding to my knowledge, that ſo at my laſt day I may be perfect.

The

news from Conſcience. What tremblings of heart! What aſtoniſhment of ſoul! What diſputes againſt mercy! What queſtionings of ſalvation will thy wounded conſcience and bleeding ſpirit raiſe! What flaſhes of lightning! What claps of thunder will break out upon thy ſoul, when the hot pangs of death ſhall be wrapt up in the cold and chill ſcruples of ſalvation! As I will therefore draw out my ſoul to praiſe God, for grace implanted, ſo alſo will I put out my ſtrength to ſerve God by grace improved, that as every hour ſets me nearer my grace, ſo every action may ſet me nearer my Haven.

The danger of Hypocriſie.

64. AN Hypocrite is the Devils ſervant in Gods livery, and therefore out of favour both in Heaven and Earth; for man ſeeth his Livery, and therefore hateth him; and God ſees his Heart, and therefore will not own him: Men ſee his outward ſanctity, and therefore deride him; and God ſees his inward hypocriſie, and therefore abhors him: ſo that he travels in the Wilderneſs, and yet ſhall never reſt in *Canaan*; when he comes to caſt up the ſum of all his Labours, this he ſhall find to be the ſum of them, inſtead of that bleſſed ſentence of approbation, *Well done good and faithful ſervant*, he ſhall have that direful ſentence of deteſtation, *Who hath required this at your hands?* He that

that ſo cunningly deceived others, doth at laſt as fooliſhly beguil himſelf; in a word, he is a man that ſteals his damnation, and ſweats to get to Hell; ſo that the openly prophane, and cunningly hypocritical, meet both there at laſt, only with this difference, the way, the one goeth through the Gate, and the other ſtealeth through the Poſtern. Lord! Therefore whiles the Hypocrite cloaths himſelf with formality, cloath me with ſincerity. It may be men will hate me, but I care not ſo God love me; my duties may be full of imperfection; but yet they ſhall never want a gracious acceptance, my way may be in trouble, yet my reſt ſhall be in glory.

The

The danger of Security.

65. AS great ſerenity of weather is a preſage of an Earth quake and Whirl-wind, ſo great ſecurity of life is a great and ſore prediction of the ſouls Earthquake, of trembling and aſtoniſhment of ſpirit: He that takes up formality, and ſits down in ſecurity; he that lays his foundation in the ſand, and there raiſes his building, the fall of that houſe will be great, and you may obſerve, that Chriſtian that is only brought out of open prophaneneſs, into outward profeſſion, that hath taken down the frame of his groſs iniquity, to ſet up a ſuperficial form of piety; that hath covered his face with a ſurface of Religion, no ſoul ſo ſubject to fall into the ſleep of death, as ſuch a Soul: For while he

he thinks himself well, he seeks not to be better, so that he slumbers away his time, untill the cry at midnight, and then he startles, and awakes, and sees nothing but the bridge of mercy drawn up, and the gates of Heaven shut in. See with what confidence these Formalists in the Gospel come unto Christ; they come under the relation of Servants, and therefore they call upon him as their Master: *Lord, Lord, Have we not propheſied in thy Name, and in thy Name caſt out Devils?* &c. They made no question of salvation, but but show their works, as if they would command it for their wages But hear Christs answer, *Then will I profeſs unto them I never knew you*, What, Lord Never knew us, that is strange? Have not we heard thy Word, received thy Sacraments, and relieved thy Members,

bers, and ſpake for Thee, and prayed to Thee, and done many things in thy Name, and yet didſt thou never know us? No, ſayes Chriſt, I never knew you, but with an utter and abſolute rejection: I never knew you, I never did approve you in all your ſpecious ways, and glorious ſhews, wherein you did ſo pride your ſelves; becauſe all was in formality, and nothing in ſincerity, therefore depart from me. They little thought of ſuch a ſad expulſion, ſuch a direful ſeparation. And thus the outſide Chriſtian, becauſe he hath reformed in many things, and doth conform to many duties, therefore with *Agag* he concludes the bitterneſs of death is paſt; ſo he cloaths himſelf with ſmooth imaginations, and deceitful apprehenſions, till he is hewen aſunder before the Lord. I will not therefore in the leaſt

leaſt duty be formal, or in the leaſt duty be ſecure; but with the bleſſed man be always fearing; For I had rather tremble here, than ſtartle in Hell.

The evil of Sin.

66. DOth Sin preſent it ſelf, look upon it, as it muſt be with tears, or ſhall be in torments; if thou committeſt the leaſt ſin and dyeſt impenitent, thy Soul is loſt, and thy redemption ceaſeth for ever: Or, if thou committeſt this Sin, and doſt repent; yet what cloudings of the face of God? What breaking of the bones with *David*? What bitter pangs? What painful throws? What ſhadows of death? What terrours of Hell may ſeize upon thee, before thou canſt make thy peace, or ſettle thine aſſurance? Wilt thou

give way to ſin, becauſe it is delectable? or becauſe it is pardonable? Who loves poyſon becauſe it is ſweet? Or, who drinks poyſon, becauſe he may have an Antidote, ſeeing it will work to his trouble, if it work not out his life? I have a precious ſoul, ſhall I loſe it for a luſt? I have a gracious God, ſhall I venture him for a ſin? No, I will always reject that for which I am ſure to loſe my peace, likely to loſe my ſoul.

The Heavenly Traveller.

67. WHat Heir, travelling to take poſſeſſion of a rich Inheritance, either lets a green Meadow, or a pleaſant Garden detain him, or a black Cloud, or a foul way diſhearten him? O my Soul! Thou art travelling to take poſſeſſion of a glorious Inheritance

tance among the Saints, wilt thou turn aside to crop every flower? Wilt thou stand still to hear every melodious sound? Wilt thou leave thy way to drink of every gliding stream of carnal pleasure? What is this, but to view a Meadow, and lose a Mannor? For a dying Flower, to part with an eternal Crown? For a flying vanity, to lose an immortal felicity? To forsake the way of *Sion*, to gather one of the Apples of *Sodom*? or else, Oh my soul! What if thy way be in tears, and thy days in sorrow, all clouded, and a swelling Sea, so that not only the lading of the Ship, but thy very life is in danger, yet here is enough to comfort thee, that a good Father, and a large Portion, a sweet Rest, and an everlasting Refreshment, will make amends for all. Therefore, vain world, promise not, for I

will make no deviation, becauſe my way lyes to purer comforts, and ſurer glory: Vexing World, threaten not, for I will make no retarding, becauſe I am travelling to my Fathers, to my Country, to my Happineſs.

Content the beſt Riches.

68. AS the Heart is, ſo is the Eſtate? Riches are but Cyphers, it is the mind that makes the ſum. What am I the nearer for a great eſtate, if I am not contented with it? Deſires of having will quickly eat up all the comforts and delights in poſſeſſing. Therefore that *Alexander* that wants content, is worſe than *Diogenes*, that is contented with his wants. It argued a rich mind in *Socrates* the Moral Philoſopher, when walking through a Market, and beholding

ding varieties of good commodities, yet could say, *Quam multis rebus ego non egeo?* How many things do I not want? But a richer mind in the Disciples, that with a sweet complacency of spirit, could acknowledge, that as having nothing, yet possessing all things. I see all would be well, if my heart were well; I will therefore form my heart to my estate, so shall I have an estate according to my heart.

The different Estate of good and bad Men.

69. WHen I remember, saith one, *Job* sitting on the Dunghill, *John* hungering in the Wilderness, St. *Peter* hanging on the Gibbet, then I think how severely will God punish hereafter those Reprobates whom he loaths.

if he deals ſo ſharply with his Children whom he loves; if he do ſo much to his intimate friends in the time of grace, what will he do to his profeſſed enemies in the day of Judgment? You therefore that deride the Miſeries of the Saints, Oh turn your jeers into fears, for Hell ſparkles out on Earth. On the contrary, Lord! When I conſider *Herod* in his pomp, *Haman* in his honour, *Ahaſuerus* at his feaſt, *&c.* Then I think, if God drop ſo much into a veſſel of wrath, what will he pour into a veſſel of Mercy? If God do ſo much for a Slave on earth, what will he do in Heaven for a Son? Therefore, ye Holy Ones, that are ſo offended at the flouriſhing of the Wicked, Oh, leave your envy, and ſee your glory! for Heaven lyes above ground: As the adverſity of the Saints ſhall therefore give me

me a glimpſe of Hell, ſo the proſperity of the wicked ſhall give me a glance of Heaven.

The Priviledge of the Elect.

70. GOd hath made all things for his Elect, and his Elect for himſelf: All is yours, and you are Chriſt's. I will therefore ſerve my God in all things, my ſelf in nothing.

All Good derived from God.

71. THe Creature hath a goodneſs in it, no further than it ſtands in reference to the chiefeſt good: If you cut the ſtream off from the Fountain, it will quickly loſe its ſweetneſs and pureneſs, and it ſelf at length: The comforts and enjoyments of the wicked, becauſe they flow not from the ſpring

of love, they are but like dainty Channels mudded and imbittered with the wrath of God; fading Brooks, which at length will make the ſoul aſhamed, ſo that he which only enjoys the Creature in it ſelf, ſhall loſe the Creature and himſelf. The pureſt and the ſweeteſt mercies only run in the rivulets which are fed by the upper celeſtial ſprings of mercy: Therefore, O Lord! Whatſoever I enjoy, let it ſtream from the Fountain of thy Love, and flow to me in the Blood of thy Son.

Bleſſings from God muſt be uſed for God.

72. AS the Rivers which flow from the Sea, run back again into the Sea, ſo thoſe bleſſings which come from God, muſt always be employed for God. What

I have received from him in his mercy, he muſt have it back again in his glory: Therefore, Lord! Whatever I enjoy, let me find thee in it, and ſerve thee with it.

God to be loved for himſelf.

73. LOve ſhould always be the life of motion: *Amor meus pondus meum, eo terror quacunq; terror*: That ſoul goes true that hath true love to weigh it, and that ſoul loves truly that hath a true object to center it; a gracious ſpirit loves the Lord, not becauſe he does good, but becauſe he is good: I will not weigh that Friends affection, that loves a fluent ſweetneſs, before an inherent goodneſs: That ſoul that loves Chriſt for himſelf, though you take away all weights elſe, yet there is ſtrength enough in love to

move and conſtrain the ſoul. O bleſſed be that Saint, Lord! that is ſo taken with thy Love, that can truly ſay, Were there neither Heaven nor Hell, yet Sin ſhould be my Hell, and Holineſs my Heaven.

Life but a lingring death.

74. TO ſpeak the truth, our Life, what is it, but a vital death? The Poet being asked, What he did? Anſwered very well, *Paulatim morior*, I dye by little and little: We do but then begin to live indeed, when we begin to live to God; our life before is but a race to the ſepulchre; but when we live to God, then we are in our way to eternity. As *Alexander*, when he reckoned up his age, counted not his years, but his victories: So when I take an account of my life, I will not reckon

kon up my Time, but my Duties.

The Souls three-fold Eſtate.

75. O Thou precious Saint, thou gracious Soul! Three queſtions call for thy anſwer, thy anſwer for thy praiſe: 1. What waſt thou? 2. What art thou? 3. What ſhalt thou be? 1. What waſt thou? A Rebel to thy God, a Prodigal to thy Father, a Slave to thy Luſt, an Alien from the Common-wealth of *Iſrael.* 2. What art thou? The Son of God, the Spouſe of Chriſt, the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt, begotten of the Immortal Seed, born of the Blood Royal of Heaven, made free among the Denizens of *Sion*, written among the living of *Jeruſalem.* 3. What ſhalt thou be? A glorious Saint, a Companion of Cherubims,

rubims, a triumphant Victor, a crowned King, and an Attendant on the Lamb whereſoever he goeth, a Spectator of thoſe ſoul-raviſhing and ineffable Excellencies that are in God, the beholding of the King of Glory face to face, and enjoying immediate communion with Jeſus Chriſt: Nay more, made one with Jeſus Chriſt, cloathed with his Excellencies, enthroned with his Glories, crowned with his Eternity, filled with his Felicity: The glory which thou haſt given me, I have given them: *Oh!* ſtand amazed at free Grace: And ſeeing God hath made thy Soul a Veſſel filled with his Mercy, make thy ſelf, thy life, a Spring flowing with his Praiſe.

God

God to be ſeen in his Creatures.

76. THe Soul takes its riſe from every Creature to Heaven: When I ſee the Stars, Lord, I think, if one Star be of ſuch magnitude, what are the dimenſions of thoſe Heavens in which ſo many are fixed? Nay, how immenſible is that God, whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain? When I ſee the Sun, I think, if one Sun make ſuch a glorious and luſtrious day, what a glorious Heaven will that be, wherein every Saint ſhall be a Sun, and every Sun ſo far brighter than this, as this is brighter than our Bodies? And yet all theſe Suns are but a ſhadow to the Sun of Righteouſneſs. Again, when I conſider the riſing Sun, how by the perfection of his beams, he puts beauty, life, and joy

joy upon the face of the whole Creation, paints the Flowers, guilds the Corn, puts a flouriſh upon the Plants, chears and exhilarates the Birds, and makes the Valleys ſhout for joy: I then think what ſhall be the ſhining beauty, and ſoul-raviſhing delights of that ſoul, upon which the brightneſs of thy glory ſhall fully riſe and reſt, and into which the glorious ſplendour of thy beauty ſhall clearly ſhine to all eternity. And when I conſider the Air, this is my thought, That as here I cannot think at all, unleſs I draw in this Air; ſo I cannot think well at all, except thou putteſt goodneſs into my thoughts. Lord, when I view the variety of thy Creatures, and ſee one excell in beauty, another in ſtrength, another in wiſdom, another in love, and of others in ſwiftneſs; Lord, I think theſe are but

but beams of thy brightneſs, and ſtreams of thy fulneſs; as they had onely their being from thy hand, ſo they have onely their perfection in thy eſſence; here they are mixt, but there they are pure: How happy then ſhall that ſoul be, that enjoys all perfection in God, and God infinitely above all! Lord, I ſee ſtately buildings, ſhady groves, and cryſtal brooks, and pleaſant medows, and yet perhaps a wicked man the Owner; why then I think, if *Simeon* goes away with ſuch a meſs, what will *Benjamin's* portion be? If the Children of the Concubines have ſo large a gift, what ſhall be the inheritance of a ſon of promiſe? Again, when I look upon my ſelf in temporals, Lord, I bleſs thee that I have convenient ſufficiency, a goodly heritage, my tents are by the wells of *Elim*, my portion is from

from the hands of thy wiſdom; and though corruption may think it of the leaſt, yet Wiſdom it ſelf knows it to be beſt. Now, Lord, if thou giveſt me ſo much in the time of my vanity, what wilt thou do for me in the day of my glory? But above all, that ſweet communion I enjoy with God, thoſe glorious rays which ſhine from the face of Chriſt, thoſe raviſhing joys that flow from the wells of ſalvation, ſet me upon the top of Mount *Nebo*, and give me the largeſt view of my happineſs. For if the Lord give me ſo choice a mercy for my earneſt, how rich a bleſſing ſhall I have for my inheritance? If this be the firſt fruits, what ſhall be the full harveſt? If the Lord lets me have ſuch a glorious beam in my priſon, what a glorious Sun ſhall ſhine in my palace? If there be ſuch a joy in the

the expectation of what I ſhall be, what a happineſs ſhall there be in the conſummation of what I ſhall be?

The Soul made for the enjoyment of God.

77. *Anaxagoras* being asked, what he thought he was born for; anſwered, *Ut cœlum contemplar*, That I may meditate upon Heaven. O my ſoul, what doſt thou think thou waſt reborn for? Is it not that thou mayeſt live in Heaven? God hath made thee to enjoy communion with himſelf, thou needeſt not ſtay one hour on earth, but with *Enoch* ſpend thy days with God, walk and converſe with Jeſus Chriſt in the Galleries of his love, with *Moſes* live on the Mount of glory. Why then, my dear ſoul, art thou one hour out of Hea-

Heaven? O live ſo ſtrictly, and walk ſo cloſely wito God, that thou mayeſt ſay with *David, Whether I awake in the morning, or whethe I walk abroad in the day I am ever with thee.*

The near union between God and the Soul.

78. LOrd! How near wilt thou bring me to thy ſelf? Muſt I abide in thee, and thou in me? Muſt we be of one ſoul, and of one ſpirit? Is it not enough, that I muſt alwayes repoſe my ſelf in the boſome of thy ſweeteſt affections, that I ſhould alwayes be encloſed in the embraces of choiceſt love, that I ſhould be ever wrapt up in the bowels of thy tendereſt mercies? But muſt I ſo dwell with thee and wilt thou ſo dwell in me, as to be made and equal ſharer in thy bliſs,

bliſs, a partner in thy glory? What is man, that thou ſhouldeſt ſo regard him? What am I, that thou ſhouldeſt ſo remember me? Lord, let thy mercies ſo conſtrain me, that all my affections may run out unto thee, and all my ſtrength may run out for thee.

The Chriſtian a Spiritual Temple.

79. EVery real Chriſtian is the ſpiritual Temple, of the living God: Worldly cares, and earthly deſire, are the buyers and the ſellers that pollute this Temple: Now what an unworthy part is this; to make the Houſe of God a Den of Thieves? What an Idolatrous ſin is this; to ſet up *Dagon* by the Ark, a Luſt by Chriſt? Again, Every Member is a veſſel of that Temple: Now, what a debaſing thing is this, to take theſe golden Veſſels,

Veſſels, with that drunken King, and employ them to a ſordid uſe? To take that heart which ſhould be filled with God, and fill it with luſt? Thoſe ears which ſhould be always ready to hear what God ſhall ſpeak, to lay them open to a detracting tale, a fooliſh jeſt? That tongue that ſhould be ſetting out the praiſes, and muſt hereafter be ſinging forth that ſweet triumphant Hallelujah, for to defile it now with idle ſpeeches, lying words? What a ſacrilegious thing is this, to let forth Gods veſſels to ſin, and Gods rooms to luſt? O Lord, therefore what thou takeſt to be thy own, own, rule, and uſe it as thy own.

Right

Right performance of Duty.

80. MY Duties are then upright with God, when they turn me into the very nature of themſelves. It was S. *Hieroms* praiſe of *Nepolitan*, That by his continual reading, and daily meditation, he made his breſt the very Library of Chriſt. This is the praiſe of a Chriſtian, when he ſhall ſo hear that the Word abideth in him; it is as it were incorporated into him; when he ſhall ſo read, as that he ſhall make himſelf a living Epiſtle, ſo that the World may read again in his life, what he hath read before in the World; when he ſhall ſo bleſs God, as to make himſelf his praiſe; when he ſhall ſo pray, as that every petition ſhall as ſo many living veins run through his practice; when his duties

ties ſhall be the fire, and his life the incenſe, this is the onely ſweet acceptable ſacrifice; till Worſhip is diſtilled into practice, it is but an empty cloud; till duties are as vitals in our walkings, they are but dead performances. Lord, therefore let my duties receive life from thy Spirit, and let my walkings receive life from thoſe duties.

The evil of the Heart, or an evil Heart.

81. I Read of *Baſil*, that he perſuaded himſelf if he were in the Wilderneſs, free from the company of men, he ſhould be happy, and ſerve God more devoutly; but when he came there he ſaid, I have forſaken all things, but yet I retain my old heart. I have often ſought the privateſt place for duty.

duty, and have often preſt to hear the beſt men, and to enjoy the beſt means, thinking to have gained much ground in the advantages of the place, and of the Ordinance; and yet, Lord, I have got but little good, becauſe I ſtill carry with me a bad heart. This is then that *remora* that ſtays my Ship in its courſe to Heaven. So that I find it is not he (with S. *Baſil*) that treads the paths of retiredneſs, that grows in grace; but he that with that father) walks firſt into the cloyſters of his own heart, in the ſecret places and crooked turnings of his own ſpirit. It is not he that comes to the pure Ordinances, that advances his communion (with God; but it is he that brings a pure heart. Lord, I have often ſearched my heart, and ſtill my heart deceiveth me in the ſearch. Oh come and fit my heart for eve-

ry

ry duty, that every duty may be fit for thy ſelf.

The Chriſtians daily Warfare.

82. PRinces combate with fleſh and bloud, Chriſtians wreſtle with Principalities and Powers; their wars give days of truce, ours not a minute of ceſſation; Conditions of peace there may cauſe retreat, nothing but death here can raiſe the ſiege. Kings if overcome may ſave themſelves by flight, but Chriſtians may as ſoon fly from themſelves as from their enemies. Whatſoever may make a battel dangerous here it is, whether Policy, Potency, Cruelty, or Perpetuity. Not onely the powers of Earth, but all the forces and ſtratagems of Hell, are always charged upon thy ſoul: ſo that a Chriſtian is not in a Garriſon of reſt

reſt, but in a field of conflict, and he cannot let fall his hands but *Amaleck* prevails. Not to be a conquerour, is to be a priſoner; not to win the field, is to loſe the ſoul. Security wounds thee, yielding kills thee, nothing but victory crowns thee: therefore watch as for thy life, fight as for thy ſoul; the time will come, theſe Enemies thou ſeeſt to day, thou ſhalt ſee them no more for ever; when thou ſhalt lay down thy Sword, and take up thy Palm, and ſolemnize thy victory in glory to perpetuity. A certain man rehearſing a ſad Oration to *Ariſtotle*, in praiſe of thoſe that were ſlain in the wars by the *Lacedemonians*, received this anſwer from him, *Quales igitur noſtros eſſe putas qui iſtos vicerunt?* If thoſe were ſuch brave and valiant men, what doſt thou think that we are that overcame

thoſe? What though now we read a ſad relation of the potency and policy of our enemies, and find the heavy experience of it; yet how glorious and victorious doſt thou think we ſhall one day be, when in the ſtrength of Chriſt we ſhall have overcome thoſe enemies? What though my aſſaults be many, my enemies mighty, if God ſtrengthen me, I have enough to comfort me: for the greater my enemy, the more glorious my victory; and the more glorious my victory, the more triumphant my glory.

Of godly and worldly Sorrow.

83. I Have ſeen ſome Chriſtians, that for ordinary loſſes have been inordinate in their mourning, as if not onely the ſtream, but the fountain had been exhauſted; whereas if the underſtanding part of

of the ſoul did truly act it ſelf, it would reaſon thus; What muſt the ſtream of my ſorrow run altogether in this chanel? Is there no mourning to be made for ſin? What ſhall I ſuffer my heart to ſwim away in tears? Are there no duties to be performed for God? And do I not know that a ſad heart cannot ſerve a good God? I have loſt the Creature, but I muſt keep my God; I have parted with an outward Comfort, but I ſhall meet it again with advantage in Jeſus Chriſt; I have loſt ſomething, were it more, were it all, ſo that I were not the owner of any thing, yet enjoying Chriſt I ſhould be the poſſeſſor of all things: the failing Stream ſhall but therefore ſend me to the flowing Fountain. Thus did the ſoul put forth it ſelf, it would quickly ſweeten thoſe bitter waters, and

preſently turn thoſe tears into ditties. For my part I will mourn for the loſs of the Creature, but it ſhall be in the cauſe, which is Sin; ſo ſhall my ſorrow be godly, and not worldly; and I will never be ſatisfied, till I make good the abſence of the Creature, but it ſhall be in the fountain, which is Chriſt; ſo ſhall it be a gain, and not a loſs.

Benefit of Adverſity.

84. 'TIs obſerved as a point of wiſdom in Husbandry, to ſet thoſe Plants together that have an antipathy in their natures, and draw ſeveral juices out of the Earth; therefore it is thought a Roſe ſet by Garlick is ſweeter, becauſe the more fetid juice of the Earth goes into the Garlick, and the more odorate into the Roſe. I am ſure 'tis true in Spirituals; there-

therefore I wonder not why afflictions are the portion of the righteous, for I ſee proſperity is too ſtrong a ſucker to exhauſt and ſteal the ſpiritual ſap and celeſtial vigor of the Soul, and ſo to debilitate the principles of growth and life. Whereas adverſity hath a contrary extraction, it onely draws out what may be malignant, and leaves behind it what may be for nouriſhment; it takes the dregs and leaves the ſpirits, whereby the ſoul is elevated, and made more fruitful in the works of holineſs. Therefore, Lord, ſo I may but grow, if the flowers of the world be too ſucculent, tranſplant me among the Briars.

Variety of a Christians Condition.

85. WHen I look up to Heaven, how oft do I both ſee the Sun ſhine and ſet? When I look down into my Soul, how oft do I ſee my comfort riſe and fall? Eye but that Ship which now ſeems to touch the clouds, and you ſhall ſee it in the depth anon, as if it would be ſwallowed by the waves. One while a Chriſtian is upon Mount *Tabor*, and hath a glance of Heaven; another while lies in the valley of *Bochim*, weeping becauſe he hath loſt the ſight of his Country. *Joſhuahs* long day is many times turned into *Pauls* ſad night. God would quicken our affections; therefore now and then he gives us a glance of Heaven, that ſo we might be in love with what we

ſee

ſee; and now and then he draws a black veil over that bright viſion, that ſo we might not loath what we did love. He ſuffers our happineſs here to be imperfect, that ſo we may be preſſing on to that place where we ſhall be perfectly happy. Lord, when thou ſheweſt thy ſelf, let me love thee; and when thou withdraweſt thy ſelf, let me follow thee; and under all theſe changes here let my ſoul be always breathing, panting, longing, and reaching after thee, till I ſhall ſo perfectly enjoy thee, that I may never loſe thee.

Gods preſence makes all Conditions comfortable.

86. WHere the King is, there is the Court; and where the preſence of God is, there is Heaven. Art thou in pri-

ſon with S. *Paul* and *Silas*, if God be with thee thou will ſing thy Hallelujahs. Art thou at the ſtake with bleſſed Martyrs; as the beams of the Sun puts out the fire, ſo the beams of Gods countenance puts out the flames, and turns their troubles into comforts; ſo that 'tis but winking and thou art in Heaven. Therefore that ſoul that enjoys the Lord, though it may want the Sun or Moon to ſhine in Creature-comforts, worldly delights to ſolace it, yet it needs them not, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; God himſelf irradiates it with the brightneſs of his beauty, and Chriſt himſelf fills it with joy unſpeakable and full of glory. This God brings his Heaven with him, and that man that enjoys God carries Heaven about him; ſo that here is his happineſs,

caſt

caſt him in a dungeon, in a furnace, when you pleaſe, yet he is ſtill in Heaven. Therefore for my part, Lord, give me thy ſelf, and then deal how thou pleaſeſt with me.

The miſerable end of wicked men.

87. MArk the wicked man, though his *Intrat* may be Comical, his *Exit* is always Tragical. *Belſhazzar* in his firſt Scene is revelling out his time in ſin and pleaſure, feaſting and carouſing with his Concubines in the Veſſels of the Lord; but view him in the Cataſtrophe, and you ſhall find the hand-writing, and him trembling, *Darius* rending away his Kingdom, and Death ſnatching away his Life. If you look upon the entrance of a wicked man, his gates are riches, his ſeats honours,

his paths pleaſures; he goes delicately, fares deliciouſly every day, he hath more than heart can wiſh: but wait his going out and ſee a ſad concluſion, in a moment he goes down to Hell. The man is caſt out from God as an everlaſting curſe: deſtruction cloſes her mouth upon him, and his place beholds him no more: his body is wrapt in the duſt, his ſoul is buried in the flames, and his name is covered with darkneſs. But now behold the perfect man, it may be thou mayeſt ſee a few Tragical Scenes, the World hating, mocking, perſecuting him; but the end of that man is peace. Though he may come forth weeping, yet he goes off rejoycing; though he came forth combating, yet he goes out triumphing, ſo that the Saints and Angels clap their hands for joy. When I therefore judge of

a

a happy man, I'll wait his end, I care not for his entrance.

Deceitful riches leave us at our death, but our good works follow us.

88. EArthly Riches, were they true Riches, yet they are not ours, or were they ours, yet they were not true, becauſe they are unuſeful to the ſoul. Nay for the moſt part our golden heaps are but the miſerable ſpoils of precious ſouls: *Dives aut malus eſt, aut hæres mali.* And then they are not ours, becauſe we cannot carry them with us when we leave the world: *Thou fool, this night ſhall thy ſoul be taken from thee, &c.* and then thou ſhalt quickly know whoſe thy ſoul ſhall be, which thou haſt by theſe things ſo ſinfully abuſed; but thou ſhalt never know.

know whoſe theſe things ſhall be, which thou haſt ſo miſerably provided. When we awake at the laſt day, we ſhall find nothing of all thoſe things in our hands. Thoſe things that are of the world (ſaith S. *Ambroſe*) we ſhall leave them behind us in the world, onely vertue is the companion of the dead. Theſe things ſhall fail us, but our good works ſhall follow us, and abide with us for ever. Wouldſt thou be truly rich? Be not onely in getting of goods, but in doing of good, raiſe vertues out of vanity; ſo ſhalt thou lay up goods indeed for eternity.

A Competency better than Abundance.

89. I Have not far to my home, therefore I need not make much proviſion for my way, food, and

and raiment will be sufficient for my journey, superfluity will but prove a burden. While *Jacob* had onely his staff, he went on freely in his way; but when he had his flocks and herds, he drives but slowly. We see it daily, that rich men either lose their paths, or rid but little ground; while poor men run the ways of Gods Commandments. I am well enough if I have but enough to carry me well to Heaven. I will therefore desire no more than what will mend my pace, and serve me in my journey.

Serve God in the use of means.

90. WE must not presume upon the means without God, nor upon God without the means; Not upon the means without God, because the Pipe can-

cannot convey, except the Spring communicates : Not upon God without the means, becauſe the goings forth of Providence are always in the paths of diligence. Therefore in the aſſault of *Amaleck*, whileſt *Moſes* goes to prayer *Joſhua* muſt go and fight : So in the proceedings of Chriſtians Faith ſhould always be upon the Mount, and Induſtry in the Valley : while the heart is lifted up, the hand ſhould be ſtretched out. He onely may reſt in God, that hath been reſtleſs in the means. He that can fully lay out himſelf in Gods way, may confidently lay up his faith in Gods providence. I muſt ſow my ſeed, and wait upon the clouds, do my work, and leave the event to God : I muſt neither be idle in the means, nor make an Idol of the means: I will therefore henceforth lay my hands to the

the means, as if they were all in all; and yet raiſe my eye above the means as if they were nothing at all.

The Excellency of a Chriſtian.

91. CIcero ſpake at random when he ſaid, *Ad decus & libertatem nati ſumus*, We are born to liberty and honour. It is thou, O regenerate ſoul, that art born a Child of love, and Heir of glory; thou art he, O excellent Saint, that art clothed with the Sun, and crowned with the Stars, and reckoned among the Angels of God. O think upon thy dignity and conſider, Will an Emperour live like a Beggar? Is it a becoming thing for thoſe that are clothed in Scarlet to embrace a Dunghil? Am I born of God, and ſhall I live like a Man? Hath God raiſed my Spi-

Spirits with the higheſt excellencies, and ſhall I ſtain my Nobleneſs with poor empty Vanities? May I feed upon Chriſt, and ſhall I feed upon Duſt? Shall I ſit to judge the World, and ſhall I be a Drudge to the World? Hath Chriſt prepared for me a manſion in the Heavens, and ſhall I be grovelling in the Earth? Am I a child of light, and ſhall I commit the works of darkneſs? No, (as *Seneca* ſays) I am born to great and higher things, than to be a ſlave unto luſt, or a drudge unto the world.

Divine Love.

92. PUre Love runs clearly out of it ſelf into the boſom of the object that's beloved. Heavenly Love centers no lower than Heaven it ſelf; it is onely God it loves,

loves, and it is onely in God it lives. If love is a beam, it is onely as it ſtands in reference to the Sun; if it loves the Creature, it is onely as it's a ſtep to advance it nearer God. Lord, I would not care for Heaven, were it not for thee; neither would I love my ſelf, were I not in thee.

The Souls Reſt.

93. HEaven is the very Element, and Chriſt is the Centre of every gracious ſoul, Heaven onely is the breathing place, and Chriſt onely is the reſting place; there's the place of its reſpiration, and here's the ſeat of its repoſe; it cannot live out of that Element, and it cannot reſt out of this Centre. It is always ſtruggling till it gets to Heaven, always rolling till it comes to Chriſt. *Re-*

turn

turn unto thy reſt, O my ſoul, ſaith *David.* Lord, let me draw no breath but that which I fetch from Heaven, and never let me reſt till I reſt in thee.

The Souls Progreſs.

94. I See Man is not onely contented with a Being, but is ſtill aſpiring to an eminency in that Being; as Plants are continually growing up, till they come to that maturity which makes them perfect: So Man, he is always preſſing forward, till he comes to his propoſed end, he thinks will make him happy. O my ſoul, God is the end and excellency, and thy happineſs lies in moving forward, till thou come to thy perfection. Be thou always riſing, untill thou comeſt to reſt in the boſom of the Lord.

The

The Souls Reſemblance of Chriſt.

95. THe cloſer aſſociation that we have here with Chriſt, the nearer aſſimilation we ſhall have to Chriſt. *Moſes* did but talk with God, and how did his face ſhine with a beam of God? You may quickly know a ſoul that doth converſe and is familiar with Jeſus Chriſt, you ſhall ſee it ſhining forth with the glories of Chriſt, as Wiſdom makes the face to ſhine, ſo Jeſus Chriſt makes the ſoul to ſhine; ſo that he that judiciouſly looks upon him, can divine that ſoul hath met with, and ſeen the Lord. I ſee by the ſtrong reflects of the beams of righteouſneſs, that he hath been long in viewing of the Sun of righteouſneſs; he carries the very Image of Chriſt upon him, and the very beauties of Chriſt

Chriſt about him; he looks like Chriſt, ſpeaks like Chriſt, walks like Chriſt, he lives like Chriſt, he is juſt like Chriſt, and knows he comes from Chriſt. That ſoul that is always beholding the glory of the Lord, ſhall be changed into the ſame image from glory to glory. If that ſoul be ſo glorious that beholds God darkly, reflectively as in a glaſs, and enjoys God at a diſtance; how glorious ſhall that ſoul be, that ſhall ſee him clearly and directly face to face, and enjoy his immediate communion with Jeſus Chriſt? We ſhall then be like him indeed, when we ſhall ſee him as he is; our bodies ſhall be like his, our ſouls ſhall be like his, our glory ſhall be like his, our eternity ſhall be like his, who is the God of beauty, excellency and ſweetneſs, concord, happineſs and eternity. O Lord, let me have

ſuch

ſuch clear viſions, ſuch ſweet fruitions of thee, that I may not onely hereafter be happy as thou art happy, but may likewiſe now be holy as thou art holy.

The Life of Faith.

96. THe Life of Faith is the nobleſt, richeſt, contentedſt, eaſieſt, trueſt life of all. It is the nobleſt life, for it takes the ſoul out of the houſe of *Adam*, and carries it into the houſhold of God. It makes the ſoul forget her Fathers houſe, and eſpouſeth it to the King of glory. And then it is the pleaſanteſt life, it lives upon the choiceſt excellency, and higheſt felicity, often wrapt up in the third Heaven, to take its repaſt in inexpreſſible glory. It walks in the paths of pleaſantneſs, and under all the heats of troubles and affli-

afflictions, it ſhades it ſelf under the Arbor of Paradiſe. And then it is the richeſt life, if our deſires be according to our wants, it is impoſſible we ſhould want above what we deſire. *Tantum quiſque habet quantum credit*, Every man hath (ſaith a Father) according to his faith; and, *Be it unto thee according to thy faith*, ſaith Chriſt. And then it is the contendedſt life, it carries the fading creature and lays him upon Chriſt, and under all mutability ſtill holds faſt all-ſufficiency, and ſo ſits down contentedly. Then it is the eaſieſt life: Faith looks not on the ſtrictneſs or difficulty of duty, but on the power and ſtrength of Chriſt; therefore if it meet with a hard precept, it diſſolves it into a ſweet promiſe, it carries it to a loving Chriſt, pleads it out till he hath drawn out a proportionable

ſtrength

ſtrength to facilitate and make eaſie the duty. In fine, it is the trueſt and the onelyeſt life, for he is dead in ſin that doth not live by faith: Therefore, as one ſaid, *Non vivere, ſed valere, vita eſt*; Not to live, but to be well, is life. So may I ſay, Not to live well onely, but to believe, is to live, and to live well indeed.

The wiſe choice.

97. IF God be the higheſt perfection in himſelf, and the higheſt good to the Creature, then it is the higheſt wiſdom of the Creature to chuſe him, and the higheſt piece of his duty to live in obſervance of him. If all Creatures muſt certainly appear before this Great Majeſty, and bow unto him, I admire the wiſdom of the godly, and wonder at the

the folly of the wicked. And ſeeing this certainly and of neceſſity muſt be, Lord, let me be of the number of thoſe that chuſe thee here, ſo as for ever hereafter I may enjoy thee; and not of the number of thoſe that refuſe thee here, and muſt for ever hereafter be ſeparated from thee.

Grace onely ſhall enter Heaven.

98. GRaces are the very Courtiers of Heaven, thoſe wait upon Chriſt in his Privy Chamber. Honour, Riches, Credit, and the like, may do much below, you may keep out your Betters here; but in the Palace of the King of Glory you muſt ſtand by for ever. It is onely Faith, Love, Humility, and the like, that ſhall have admittance into the Preſence Chamber: Moral Vertues, you muſt

muſt likewiſe walk without. All that go bravely are not qualified for ſuch a Preſence; you are out *ſplendida peccata*, beautiful Abominations, baſe Hearts wrapped up in brave clothes, parts, and gifts; you may ſtay and wait at the gates, but I can tell you there is a ſpecial command gone forth, that none but Grace and Holineſs ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven: therefore you may receive your Anſwer if you pleaſe, onely theſe are welcom to the King of Glory, onely theſe are familiar and converſant with Jeſus Chriſt. Therefore as the Queen of *Sheba* ſaid of the Servants of *Solomon*, ſo may I ſay of the Graces of Gods Spirit, which are onely the Retainers of Jeſus Chriſt, Oh happy are theſe thy Men, and happy are theſe thy Servants, O God, which ſtand continually be-

fore thee, and hear thy Wiſdom, and ſee thy Glory! True Love doth not onely preſerve every heavenly motion of the Soul, but raiſeth the Soul it ſelf to the higheſt perfection. The more I love, the more I ſhall be beloved, and the fuller participation ſhall I have of him, who is altogether lovely. S. *Bernard* ſpeaks fully to it, *Summum Bonum amare, eſt ſumma beatitudo*; To love the Chieſeſt Good is the greateſt happineſs. The pureſt and the fulleſt love ſhall always wear the weightieſt Crown of Glory. Lord, perfect this grace in me, that ſo I may be perfect in loving thee.

Death

Death vanquiſh'd.

99. THe *Iſraelites* muſt firſt paſs over *Jordan*, before they land in *Canaan*; but no ſooner did the feet of the Prieſts that bare the Ark of the Covenant reſt in the water, but the proud Waves ſaw it and fled, and the ſwelling ſtreams were driven back, and laid in heaps, to make them paſs over ſafe and well: So every Child of God is like an *Iſraelite* in the Wilderneſs of this World, travelling to the Land of Promiſe; Death is that *Jordan* that runs between this Wilderneſs and our *Canaan*, it is that ſwelling ſtream that overflows the banks of every mortal creature, it is that laſt River which muſt be paſſed over: But this is the happineſs of a Child of God, that Jeſus Chriſt our

High Prieſt, that bears the everlaſting Covenant on his ſhoulders, hath already dipp'd his feet in the brims of this water, inſomuch that the ſtreams of bitterneſs are diverted, the ſting of death pluck'd out, the water of the Salt Sea is dried up, and the power of the Curſe cut off, ſo that Death is but a ſure ſtep unto Glory. Why then am I afraid to die, the Chanel is dry, and I ſee the footſteps of my Saviour in the bottom, and Heaven and Happineſs on the other ſide; ſo that the waters ſhall not go over my ſoul, they may go over my ſins, they may go over my miſeries, they may go over my troubles, but my ſoul ſhall go over to its reſt. Lord, therefore fit and ſanctifie me for my removal, and then take down my Tent, I cannot be too ſoon with thee.

The

The happineſs of the other world.

100. HEre the Veſſel is too capacious to be filled with all the pleaſures and delights the World can lay together, but hereafter our pleaſures and delights ſhall be too full for the moſt capacious Veſſel to comprehend; our glory ſhall be ſo great, that power as well as goodneſs ſhall come forth from God himſelf, for to renew and enlarge theſe Veſſels, that ſo they may be capable to receive and retain that glory, ſtrength, and love, ſhall go forth together for to prepare and raiſe our diſpoſitions, that they may be ſutable for ſuch a tranſcendent and high condition. We are too weak for ſuch a weight of glory, therefore God will bear us up, that we may bear up it; and becauſe our

joys cannot fully enter into us, we ſhall fully enter into them. Who would then ſet ſo large a Veſſel as the Soul under a few drops of carnal pleaſure, and neglect the ſpring and ſpouts of everlaſting joy? O my Soul, what a glorious day is there coming? when the Veſſels of mercy ſhall be caſt into the Ocean of mercy, and be filled to the brim with mercy? when the Sons of pleaſure ſhall drink their fills at the torrents of pleaſures, and be ſet for ever at reſt in the rivers of pleaſure? when the ſoul that is ſick of love ſhall lie in the boſom of love, and for ever take its fill of love? when the Children of God ſhall have a full fruition of God, and be for ever ſatisfied with the preſence of God, the joy of which glorious preſence, the fulneſs of which joy, the ſweetneſs of which fulneſs, the eternity

of

of which ſweetneſs, the Heart of man in its largeſt thoughts cannot conceive. Lord, let the thoughts of the joy and glory which thou haſt prepared for me in the Heavens, turn away my Soul from the pleaſures and delights which are preſented to me on Earth, that ſo neglecting them, I may be preſſing to thee, and be breathing forth with thine, *O when ſhall I come and appear before God!*

Pious Reflections

OF

A Devout

READER.

AND now being *refreſhed* with theſe *fragrant leaves*, what ſhall I ſay? *Bleſſed Author*, art thou yet alive? Breath longer in this fruitful air, and extract more out of ſo rich a ſtock. A Scribe ſo well inſtructed cannot have ſpent all, but muſt have new or old to bring out of his Treaſure. Do not hide, but improve thy *talent*. Be not onely a good and

and wiſe, but faithful Steward, and yield us more of thy pleaſant fruits. Thou haſt begun well, who, what ſhould hinder thee? Thy preſent (were there no ſucceeding) reward is ſpur enough to future work. Religion is Recreation, and Heaven is the way to Heaven: Good men are there on this ſide the grave. Thy longing ſoul was ſtill peeping into it, and ſending thy thoughts as ſpies to view this Promiſed Land. But art thou at reſt from thy labours? This (among others) thy Work follows thee, and hath here erected thy laſting Monument. Where ever thou wert buried, Obſcurity ſhall not ſwallow thee. Every good Heart that knew thee is thy Tomb, and every Tongue writes there an Epitaph; good men ſpeak well of thee, but above all God delights in thee. Thy thoughts

were ſtill fluttering upwards, richly fraught with *Divine Breathings*, and ever aſpiring, till unlading themſelves in the boſom of thy Beloved. We are hugely thankful that a few dropt from thee, for the comfort and example of fainting ſluggiſh Mortals below. Thou livedſt in deed, while moſt live onely in ſhew, and haſt changed thy place, but not thy company. Bluſh and be aſhamed, my droulie Soul, at ſight or thoughts of ſuch active Chriſtians. Theſe are redeeming times; whileſt thou art miſpending it, theſe are working and thou loytering, theſe are converſing with God, whileſt thou art following or triſling in the World, theſe are digging in Scripture Mines, whileſt thou paſſeſt over them, as barren empty things, backward to read, ſlow to hear, moſt averſe to rumi-

nate on the Word. *David* meditated day and night, but thou ſcarce day or night. Shall God be to thee hereafter all in all, and here as nothing at all; have all thy thoughts then, and be afforded ſo few now? Is he thy Portion, and wilt thou live no more upon him? thy treaſure and thy heart ſo ſeldom with him? Is there ſo much in God and his Attributes, in Chriſt and his Offices, in the Spirit and his Workings, in the Law and its Exactneſs, in the Goſpel and its Sweetneſs, in Grace and its Excellency, in the World and its Vanity, in the Guilt of Sin, in the Beauty of Holineſs, in the Precioufneſs of the Soul, in the Paucity that ſhall be ſaved, in the Frailty of Life, in the Certainty of Death, in the Torments of Hell, in the Happineſs of Heaven, in the Unalterableneſs of Judgment?

And

And art thou barren in ſo fruitful a ſoil? onely a Cumberer of the ground, notwithſtanding all the coſt beſtowed upon thee? O ſee thou be not onely alive, but a lively Chriſtian. Canſt thou think of an eternal weight of glory, and reſt contented with a little work? Who ever ſerved God for nought? Hath he not paſſed his word to make thee amends for all thou canſt do or ſuffer for his ſake? What harm is there in an heavenly life? what diſhonour in adoring thy Maker? What great danger in being ſtrictly religious? what diſcomfort to live and die in the ſenſe of Gods favour? Where is thy beſt friend? what is thy chief Intereſt? What wilt thou wiſh upon a dying bed? Who doth, or who can do moſt for thee? What into another world will accompany thee? O live in the ſenſe

ſenſe of dreadful happy Eternity, and of the difference to ſtand with boldneſs before the Judge, when the careleſs World ſhall ſtand trembling. Let Heaven be always in thy eye, the World under thy feet, Chriſt neareſt thy heart, the laſt Trump in thy ear, the work (the World) of God in thy hand, and his praiſes continually in thy lips. Liſten what Yellings under thee, Heark what Acclamations over thee; Look round, what ſnares are laid for thee; Behold whoſe eye is upon thee, what haſte death makes towards thee, how near thy courſe is finiſhing; See who ſtands holding thy ſparkling Crown, how the wicked would die like thee, how the Devils for envy grin at thee, how the Angels rejoyce over thee, ſtand round them, and long to be carrying thee; thy Father will be no longer without

thee.

thee. Yet a little while, and God ſhall wipe away all tears, turn every holy deſire into an embracement, every prayer into a ſong of praiſe, every ſigh into an Hallelujah, every tear into a pearl, every ſtone of reproach into a Diamond in thy glittering Crown, Reflection into Poſſeſſion, Faith into Viſion, Hope into Fruition, the Glaſs into Face, for we ſhall ſee him as he is, to whom be glory for ever. *Amen.*

FINIS.

19 Book of Conscience

33 The Use of Cache

34 The Worldings God

45 No satisfaction in the creature

56 Delay of Repentance dangerous

60 A Christians Treasure

69 A Threefold Awakening Consideration

A Catalogue of Books printed for, and sold by, *Robert Pawlet*, at the Sign of the Bible in Chancery-Lane near Fleet Street.

VIllare Anglicanum, *or a View of all the Cities, Towns, and Villages in* England, *Alphabetically composed, so that naming one Town or place, you may readily find what Shire, Hundred, Rape, Wapentake, &c. it is in. Collected by the appointment of the Eminent Sir* Henry Spelman, *Knight. To which is added Bishopricks and Counties, under their several Jurisdictions, number of Parishes in each Diocese and County, with the several places that send Members to Parliament, and the number each sends.*

Epi-

Epiſcopacy as eſtabliſhed by Law in England. *Written by the command of the late King* Charles, *by* Robert Sanderſon, *late Lord Biſhop of* Lincoln.

Βαπτισμῶν διδαχή, *The Doctrine of Baptiſms, or a Diſcourſe of Dipping and Sprinkling; wherein is ſhewed the lawfulneſs of other ways of Baptization, beſides that of a total Immerſion; and Objections againſt it anſwered: by* W. Walker *B. D. ſometimes of Trinity College* Cambridge.

Thalia Rediviva, *The Paſtimes and Diverſions of a Countrey Muſe, in choice Poems on ſeveral occaſions: by* Henry Vaughan, *Siluriſt. With ſome learned Remains of the Eminent* Eugenius Philalethes, *never made publick till now.*

Practical Chriſtianity, or an account of the Holineſs which the Goſpel enjoyns, with the Motives to it,

and

and the Remedies it proposes against Temptations, with a Prayer concluding each distinct Head.

Sermons preached by that eminent Divine Henry Hammond, *D. D. in large Folio to bind with his other Works.*

The Golden Remains of that ever memorable Mr. John Hales *of* Eaton *College, &c. The second Impression, with many Additions not before published.*

A Collection of Articles, Injunctions, Canons, Orders, Ordinances, and Constitutions Ecclesiastical, and other publick Records of the Church of England, *with a learned Preface: by* Anthony Sparrow *Lord Bishop of* Norwich.

A Rationale *on the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of* England, *with his Caution to his Diocese against False Doctrines: by the same Author.*

The

The Whole Duty of Man laid down in a plain and familiar way for the uſe of all, but eſpecially the meaneſt Reader: neceſſary for all Families: with private Devotions on ſeveral occaſions.

The Gentlemans Calling, written by the Author of the Whole Duty of Man.

The Cauſes of the Decay of Chriſtian Piety, or an impartial Survey of the Ruines of Chriſtian Religion, undermined by unchriſtian Practice, by the ſame Author.

The Ladies Calling.

The Government of the Tongue.

Art of Contentment.

Mary Magdalens *Tears wiped off, or the Voice of Peace to an unquiet Conſcience.*

A Scholaſtical Hiſtory of the Canon of Holy Scripture, or the certain and indubitable Books thereof, as they are received in the Church of

of England, *by Dr.* Cosin *late Lord Bishop of* Durham.

An Historical Vindication of the Church of England, *as it stands separated from the* Roman, *&c. by Sir* Roger Twisden *Baronet.*

Mr. Chillingsworth's *Reasons against Popery, perswading his Friend to turn to his Mother the Church of* England *from the Church of* Rome.

The Book of Homilies appointed to be read in Churches.

Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical.

Hugo Grotius de rebus Belgicis, *or the Annals and History of the Low Countrey Wars in English.*

A Treatise of English Particles, shewing much of the variety of their Significations and Uses in English, and how to render them into Latine, according to the propriety and elegancy of that Language, with a

Praxis

Praxis *upon the ſame: by* William Walker, *B. D. Schoolmaſter of* Grantham.

The Royal Grammar, commonly called Lilly's *Grammar explained, opening the meaning o'th' Rules, with great plainneſs to the Underſtanding of Children of the meaneſt capacity, with choice Obſervations on the ſame, from the beſt Authors: by the ſame Author.*

A Catalogue of all the Parliaments, or reputed Parliaments, from the Year. 1640.

A Narrative of ſome paſſages in or relating to the Long Parliament: by a Perſon of Honour.

Nemeſius *his Nature of Man in Engliſh: by* G. Withers, *Gent.*

Inconveniences of Toleration.

Toleration intolerable.

A Letter about Comprehenſion.

A Thanksgiving Sermon preached before the King: by J. Dolbin, *Dean of* Weſtminſter. *Bi-*

Biſhop Brownrigs *Sermons on Gun Powder Treaſon.*

A Narrative of the Burning of London 1666, *with an account of the Loſſes; and a moſt remarkable Parallel between it and* Moſco, *both as to the Plague and Fire.*

The Nuns Complaint againſt the Friers, being the Charge given in the Court of France *by the Nuns of St.* Katharines *near* Provence, *againſt the Father Friers their Confeſſors; ſhewing their abuſes in their allowance of undecent books, the Love-letters, and Marriages of the Friers and Nuns, their Frolicks and Entertainments, &c. Several times printed in French, and now faithfully done into Engliſh.*

Iter Luſitanicum, *or the* Portugal *Voyage, with what memorable paſſages interven'd at the Shipping and Tranſportation of Her Sacred Majeſty* Katharine *Queen of* Great Bri-

Britain, *from* Lisbon *to* England: *by Dr.* Sam. Hind.

Military and Maritime Discipline, viz. *The Exercise of Horse and Foot with Sir* Francis Vere's *Directions: and a Treatise of Invasion by Capt.* Tho. Venn: *the Fortifying Towns, with the ways of defending and offending the same, by the Learned Mathematician* Andr. Tacquet: *also Sir* Sam. Morelands *Method of delineating all manner of Fortifications; together with the Art of Founding great Ordnance, the making of Gun Powder, taking Heights and Distances, with the manner of Fireworks.*

Sir Francis Moors
Baron Savils
Sir Gefrey Palmers
} *Reports.*

Doctrina Placitandi, ou l'Art & Science de bon Pleading: Elucubratione *S.E.* Serv. Regis ad legem.

All sorts of Law Books.

FINIS.

y a Christians End

Anne Browne.
her booke. 1680.